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The Nation

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The Week

"THE Government is maintaining rigidly its attitude of secrecy concerning the negotiations of the United States, Japan, and the Entente Powers in regard to intervention in Russia, and there was no intimation to-day as to when an official announcement would be made." This sentence, taken from a Washington dispatch of July 27 to the New York *Times*, describes a situation which the warmest supporter of the Administration cannot but regret. Notwithstanding his clear declaration against secret diplomacy, Mr. Wilson goes on with his secret plans for some sort of international action in Russia. Under the circumstances, one rumor is as good as another; one of the latest is that Allied troops are to be used to extricate the Czecho-Slovak forces now in Siberia. The opinion is widely held, among persons who know Russia at first hand, that the dispatch of American or Allied troops to Russia will almost certainly add to the evil influence of Germany in that country, even if it does not lead the Lenine Government, just now much disturbed over the general international situation, to throw itself bodily into German hands. Mr. Wilson, however, refuses to take the public into his confidence. Meantime, an Allied force, with which some American marines are reported to be coöperating, has begun some kind of military operations on the Murman coast. So competent a military critic as Colonel Repington, who favors in general the proposal to send troops into Siberia, gives it as his opinion that any military operations in the Murman region at this time are of very doubtful wisdom, not only because of the likelihood of inclining Russia towards Germany, but also because Finland and Sweden will have to be reckoned with. It was announced on Monday that the American Red Cross is about to send medical and other aid to Vladivostok. One cannot but ask why help of that sort has not been extended long ago.

ADVOCATES of the death penalty will find little comfort in the British Government's statements as to the gravity of the new Sinn Fein conspiracy. It is just two years ago that it was shooting the leaders of the 1916 conspiracy one after another until in all sixteen were killed under circumstances which ought surely to have had an extremely deterrent effect upon the Irish population. Instead of that we see thousands upon thousands utterly undeterred and the hundreds who have been arrested quietly ready to meet any fate that may be meted out to them. But, as we have already reported, the Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Shortt, declares that the Government has had enough of making martyrs and that there will be no further shootings *pour encourager les autres*. If this is wisdom gained, the wholesale arresting going on does not connote similar wisdom. The fact is that, by contrast with rational reformatory punishment, killing people for crime is a deterrent not at all, else must the mob burnings and lynchings in the South have long ago cowed all colored criminals. When the modern state gets to the point of recognizing the inviolability of human life and refuses to place itself on the level of the murderer by taking his life, we shall make more rapid progress towards the stamping out of crimes of violence—provided, of course, that we do away with those conditions of misgovernment which breed crime and make of new offenders confirmed violators of the law.

THE strike of British labor, which for a few days threatened to become serious, appears at this writing to have been settled by the strikers returning to work. Aside from the general weariness and nervous strain inseparable from long-continued work under war conditions, the strike had only trivial and needless occasion. The scarcity of skilled labor led certain manufacturers to bid for labor in other districts by offering higher wages. This was in contravention of the Government labor policy, and was promptly met by a Government "embargo," or prohibition, upon the continuance of the practice. Thereupon the workers, desirous of obtaining higher wages, if such were to be paid, and encouraged, it is said, by a misinterpretation of the Government announcement by one of the offending firms, demanded the removal of the embargo and enforced their demand by striking. The strike affected chiefly the Coventry and Birmingham districts. The workers in the Clyde district, whose action is often a gauge of British labor opinion, did not join, and the Government let it be known that not only would exemptions from military service be withdrawn if the strike continued, but that, if necessary, skilled workers now serving with the forces on the Continent would be recalled. English public opinion, both within and without labor circles, seems for the most part to have discountenanced the strike. The Minister of Munitions, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, came in for what appears to have been some well-founded criticism for his method of dealing with the situation, and has promised an official inquiry into the labor conditions which brought about the strike.

IN this country as well as in Great Britain labor unrest continues to fill a large place in the news. For weeks there have been almost daily reports of strikes, many of them in industries directly related to the effective prosecution of the war. In several instances complaint has been made that the War Labor Board, to whose arbitration disputes had been submitted, had allowed weeks to elapse without rendering its decision. It is quite possible that, with demands for higher wages or shorter hours pressing upon it from all parts of the country, the arbitration machinery of the Board is overworked, but it is certainly unfortunate to have Government delay offered as a justification for strikes. It seems clear, also, that the approval by the Board of demands for higher wages or better working conditions in many war industries has stimulated the demand for equivalent concessions elsewhere. The recent strike in some of the mills of the International Paper Company, on the other hand, appears to have been occasioned by the demand for the continued payment by the company of a bonus, virtually amounting to a gratuity, notwithstanding the fact

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that the War Labor Board had already granted most of the demands of the men. It is interesting to note that many manufacturing and commercial establishments have continued to raise wages voluntarily to meet the advancing cost of living, and that the pay of salaried employees, especially in banks and commercial houses, has in a number of cases been increased. The loose accusations of disloyalty or pro-German influence which continue to be made whenever workmen go on strike are to be deplored. It must be admitted, however, that the labor situation as a whole is still very unstable.

AUGUST 1 marked the inauguration of the new plan of the Employment Service of the Department of Labor, whereby that service takes over the supply of common labor to all manufacturers, having a payroll of more than one hundred men, engaged in war industries. This action is due to the shortage of unskilled labor, which is aggravated by "an almost universal practice of labor stealing and poaching," resulting in a labor turnover in some cases as high as 100 per cent. a week. The whole country is organized into thirteen districts, each with its superintendent. Each State has its director, and a local labor board in each community has jurisdiction within its own locality. Every effort will be made to discourage efforts by any other than the Federal service to move labor from one community to another, and the rights of the localities are to be protected by giving the State Director a veto on the action of the Employment Service. It should be observed that farm and railroad labor is not subject to these provisions, which are designed as a war measure to protect both employers and employed, at the same time securing a full supply of labor in essential industries. While we have no sympathy with labor regimentation, we recognize the imperative necessity of this action—action, as Director-General Densmore points out, "probably the most drastic that the Government has taken since putting the National Army draft into effect." Furthermore, every student knows the great wastefulness of an unorganized labor market at all times, and will be on the alert to see just what features of the present system may advantageously be carried over into our peace-time industrial arrangements. Compulsion will undoubtedly drop out in large part; organization should not.

THE Federal Government, it is announced, is also about to undertake, through the War Labor Policies Board, the standardization of wages throughout the country. Mr. Felix Frankfurter, who has issued a statement on the subject, speaks of applying wage standardization to "the entire nation," but doubtless this means, at least for the present, only what have come to be known as essential industries. The precedents, according to Mr. Frankfurter, are those already afforded by unionized industry: what is good for the unions is to be made good for all. Presumably, therefore, the principles to be followed are those which have governed the War Labor Board in adjusting labor disputes. There would be more confidence in the economic soundness of those principles if the terms of settlement which have been arrived at had not, in so many cases, been extorted by a strike or a threat to stop work. About the only "principle" that has been prominent thus far is that the unions have framed their demands and the Board has granted them. Mr. Frankfurter intimates, however, that there may be something akin to profiteering in the high wages which prevail in some industries; and that, if there is, standardization may be expected to get rid of it. We have no doubt that the wages now paid in some war industries are excessive, and it is certain that, whether wages are too high or not, all war industries have not yet been treated alike. Government regulation of wages, however, especially if it is to be made at all general, is so vast and complicated an affair as to make it far from clear that such standardization as is now proposed will insure either industrial efficiency or industrial peace. Nevertheless, the plan which the Board is to inaugurate should, when its details are made public, receive careful consideration.

AT a conference held in Washington last week, representatives of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities presented certain additional objections to the railroad operating contract now pending. Among other points, they urged the inequity of the requirement that the companies surrender claims for damages on account of destruction of property or diversion of traffic during the period of Federal control, and objected to paying for additions and betterments to be made by the Government for war purposes. Undoubtedly there are details of the contract that may merit further consideration, but we doubt whether additional public agitation of the question will serve the interest either of the stockholders or of the people. The Railway Executives Advisory Committee, consisting of some of the leading railway men of the country, has declared the proposed contract satisfactory in essentials. As a simple matter of financial stability, the Government must protect the value of investments in railway securities. It has shown a disposition to be entirely fair to the companies, taking as a basis for returns during the term of Federal operation the earnings of a three-year period which embraced two of the best years in our railroad history. At some point or other something must be left to the good faith of those who are party to a contract of this magnitude and complexity, and the Government, in our judgment, has given abundant evidence of good faith. We should be glad to see the contract signed, and the energy of the protestants devoted to some more essential industry.

IN an open letter to President Wilson, Upton Sinclair makes the humane and sensible suggestion that persons undergoing prison sentence as conscientious objectors to war should be sent to a separate place of confinement, constructed on the plan of a modern prison farm colony. Mr. Sinclair would have these men pledged to make no attempt to escape or to engage in propaganda, and then set to work at the farm colony building their own home and raising their own food. As he points out, such action would lessen by so much the bitterness of these men and other radical opponents of the war, would keep the prisoners from engaging in propaganda, and would increase the food supply in some slight measure. The plan has much to commend it, and nothing, so far as we can see, against it, except a vengeful desire for the punishment of men whose conscientious scruples differ from those of the overwhelming majority and a fear that such enlightened action by the Government would result in the slacker's attempting to pose as a conscientious objector. We trust that the idea will at once receive serious consideration. The War Department has thus far dealt sanely and comprehendingly with the difficult problem of the conscientious objector.

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THE visit to this country of Mr. Jorge Mitre, the editor and owner of the Buenos Aires *Nacion*, is rightly attracting much attention, notably because of his outspoken utterance at the luncheon of the Pan-American Society in favor of the American and Allied cause. On this occasion he insisted that the reverse of what has happened in some other countries is true in Argentina—that that country is not in the war because its chosen representatives in the executive and legislative positions are not obeying the will of the people. It was for this reason that he insisted that he spoke for the bulk of the public opinion of Argentina. Few Americans realize the tremendous influence of *La Nacion* in its country and of its rival, *La Prensa*, for Americans have no such able and powerful newspapers. Where the power exerted by these journals is recognized, the importance of a visit such as Mr. Mitre's is not underestimated; hence he has been the recipient of most unusual attentions, both official and other, for a man in private life. This is entirely as it should be, for Mr. Mitre is an envoy of peace and good-will and mutual understanding, and of such we cannot have too many from South America.

IT is gratifying to know that some of the teachers in the New York city schools are to have their meagre salaries increased. The new schedule just approved by the Board of Education raises to $1,000 a year the pay of those who have been receiving less than that amount. Some 6,900 teachers will be affected by this increase. In addition, those teachers who are paid less than $1,500 a year are hereafter to be given an annual bonus of sixty dollars. The new scale of payment applies, for the moment, only to the period from September 1 to December 31 of the present year, but a new schedule for 1919 is in preparation. That any betterment of the teachers' financial situation has been achieved is due primarily to the persistent agitation of the question by the teachers themselves. The advances in salary are small enough, however, at best, as are teachers' salaries generally. In no part of the country have they kept pace with the advancing cost of living, and they have long been distanced by the wages paid in many industrial establishments. So long as the salaries of teachers are appreciably less than those of skilled riveters or carpenters, or even of common laborers, the quality of teaching will continue to be lower than proper educational standards demand, and the personnel of the teaching force will be constantly changing. The alarming scarcity of teachers reported from a number of States, which is giving school authorities anxious concern, ought to show how impossible it is to hold teachers in the profession unless their pay is sufficient to make teaching an attractive permanent career.

JUSTICE SEABURY aptly characterized the nominee just designated by the New York Democrats for the gubernatorial primary as "the best representative of the worst element in the Democratic party in New York." But Alfred Smith is more than that. Aside from his association with Tammany, he has thoroughly earned high office by long and useful public service. Those who believe that only university graduates of much culture and long lineage should hold high office would be shocked to see him as Governor because he insists on wearing his hat on one side of his head and on appearing to be precisely what he is, a plain man of the ranks who has risen by ability, industry, and application, plus the help of a powerful political boss. To Mr. Smith's able efforts in the last Constitutional Convention Mr. Elihu Root paid high tribute, and every newspaper man knows him to be absolutely honest and clean. He is, of course, not so attractive a candidate, by reason of his Tammany affiliation, as is Mr. William Church Osborn, who has taken an admirable stand in coming out as an unbossed, anti-Hearst candidate. Fortunately, the Hearst candidacy collapsed at Saratoga; not even Tammany, which to a considerable extent owes to him its control of the city of New York, could stomach him, and it is universally hoped that this body blow to Mr. Hearst's political aspirations—an insult in themselves to all decent Americans—will forever end his hopes of obtaining office. With Mr. Osborn running against Mr. Smith in the primaries an interesting contest is assured. As for the Democratic platform adopted at Saratoga, it is a much stronger one than that of the Republicans of the week before. For one thing, it does not dodge the prohibition issue, but comes out for a referendum on it, and pledges the Democratic party to vote for the Federal amendment if the verdict is favorable. It also comes out for the Federal suffrage amendment, for public development of the State's water power, for increased financial support for the public schools, for full publicity for campaign contributions before election, for a comprehensive revision of the Corrupt Practices act, and for vigorous support of the President in this war emergency.

CHAMPIONSHIPS are not so easily attained as to justify carelessness in guarding them. The reference, of course, is to sport—more specifically to lawn tennis, in which this country, thanks to a certain meteoric Californian, has won its share of international renown. It would appear that our prestige in this respect is endangered through the appearance here of Ichaya Kumagae, a young Japanese, who in 1916 defeated many of our best players and in the end earned a ranking as fifth in the list of our first ten exponents of the game. Kumagae returned to Japan with his honors, and last year we read of his success in Japan; in this country the national championship tourneys had been abandoned because of the war. This year, with all but one of our leading players in the army or navy, decision was made to revive championship play. The corollary—or perhaps it was not a corollary—is the advent of Kumagae, who will enter the singles tournament with every prospect of capturing our national title. The United States National Lawn Tennis Association, which sponsors tourney play in this country, accepts the situation with apparent equanimity, seems, indeed, to view the advertising value of Kumagae's participation—with consequent enhanced gate receipts—as altogether compensatory. In other quarters complacency over the situation is not so marked. There is the feeling that a nice sense of values would keep the Japanese player out of an American tournament, which will be marked by the absence of all our more finished exponents of the game, just as it withheld Americans in 1916 from challenging Australia for the famous Davis Cup—then, as now, in the custody of the Antipodeans. It is all a pother which may or may not come to a head. There are, it must be said, the portents of a nasty situation—one of those silly sporting rows—that sometimes occur between nations which go in ardently for athletics. On the other hand, absorbing war news may keep the matter subordinate, as has been the case thus far.

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The Fourth Year of the War

HAD it fallen to the lot of editors or statesmen to summarize the results of the fourth year of the war six weeks ago, it can hardly be denied that the account would have shown an impressive balance on the Kaiser's side. Up to that time, so far as the military field is concerned, there was little to lend encouragement to any one except the Germans. If the Kaiser had addressed his people then as he has done on the other anniversaries of the fête of August 1, 1914, he might have bolstered their failing spirits by a recital of military achievements of such magnitude as to give them ground for hope of an early peace. He could have told them how the taking of Riga, on September 3, 1917, was followed by the total collapse of such resistance as remained in Russia and the freeing thereby of at least a million men for the western front. Following that, he could have pointed to the four great and successful offensives in the west—that upon Amiens in March, that upon Ypres in April, that upon the Aisne at the end of May, and that upon the Oise early in June. And he might have gone on to recite the flight of the British Fifth Army, on March 21–23, and the huge totals in territory, prisoners, large and small cannon, machine guns, food, and military supplies of every kind, that had fallen into the hands of conquering troops.

The recital could not have been effectively offset by pointing to the checking of the submarines or to minor British successes in Palestine and elsewhere. The taking of Jerusalem in November last would not make up for the unquestioned war-weariness of the French, or the alarming approach of the Germans to within thirty-nine miles of Paris, or the ominous shelling of Paris by the German long-range gun. Within the last six weeks, however, the tide has turned. The entries in the books now show large items to the credit of the Allies, and while their value and significance cannot yet be fully gauged, and may not perhaps be known completely until another six months have passed, their importance is admittedly great.

The first was the Austrian repulse on the Piave. The actual military importance of the Austrian defeat has been somewhat exaggerated. According to the views of British experts, the Austrian losses were not so great as at first reported, and there was no real driving home of the counterstroke. Moreover, the Austrians are now about where they were when the defence began. But the moral value of the check cannot be overestimated, for it showed, on the one hand, how complete had been the reconstruction of the Italian army, helped out by Allied reinforcements, and how impotent was the Austrian High Command to carry on an offensive without German support. The success in Italy put fresh heart and courage into the Allied troops everywhere.

The check on the Piave was followed by the still greater success of the Allies in halting the fifth German offensive. The objective in this case was Rheims. The offensive began with the gain of about the same number of miles and the capture of about the same number of prisoners during the first two days as in the previous attacks. But there the similarity ended. Only ten miles separated the German forces in the Forest of Courton, to the southwest of Rheims, and those near Beaumont to the west on July 17. It seemed then as if the evacuation of Rheims was inevitable, if indeed it was not already under way. But the ten miles could not be covered. The Franco-American counter-offensive from the west, plainly the most gallant and brilliant manœuvre of the fourth year of war, disrupted the German plans and stamped General Foch with the mark of genius. The success of General Foch seems at this writing to have insured a considerable retirement on the part of the Germans, perhaps to the line of Soissons-Rheims.

Plainly, this is a real disaster for the Germans, but not merely in the amount of ground lost or in the number of men taken. The Allies have lost as much or more in every one of the other offensives of 1917–1918 in France. The striking facts about the Franco-American success are the vindication of the single supreme command, forced by the disasters of last March and April, the proving of Foch himself, the demonstration that harmony and coöperation are possible even with such heterogeneous forces as Foch commands, the magnificent showing of gallantry, ability, and aggressiveness on the part of American troops, and, above all, the assumption of the strategical offensive by the Allies. There are already signs in plenty that this reverse is having a seriously demoralizing influence in Germany.

The extent of the demoralization should not, of course, be overestimated. Even the brilliancy of a splendid military victory should not lead us to conclude that the war is practically over. We shall make a great mistake if we allow an easy optimism to encourage the belief that one victory completely offsets four German successes, or that it will of itself bring about a German collapse. It is magnificent, and more than could be hoped for; it has saved Paris and altered the whole situation for the better. But it is not, of course, the end of the war.

The truth still seems to be that a military decision on either side cannot yet be hoped for unless there is also economic collapse in Germany and Austria. Without such a collapse, without the aid of revolution or famine or both within the Central Powers, those who believe in the possibility of an Allied march down Unter den Linden would appear to be counting on many years of war still to come. As a matter of fact, a march into Germany will hardly be necessary. If our troops continue to pour into France in 1919 at any such rate as has been kept up during the past six months, they may be able to push the Germans out of France, and that of itself would be enough to insure peace.

We say "our troops," because the outstanding military fact at the close of the fourth year is that the success of the war depends now upon the Americans. Our food, our ships, our guns, our men, our money, must win the war for the Allies if it is to be won. The British army, it is to be feared, will not be ready for a serious offensive until next spring. The efficiency of the French army has been declining in places, although the spirit of the hard-pressed French remains high. It is doubtful, too, if the Italians will be able to advance on a large scale. The war hangs upon us. Thus far our soldiers have met the situation nobly. It is quite possible that Paris to-day owes its safety to them. Nevertheless, gratifying as is the situation at the moment, it is not a time for over-confidence. A good deal depends, too, upon the attitude of the Allies and of the United States towards Russia. If, following the advice of the imperialists everywhere, they intervene by force in that country, their advent may mean the appearance of Russian troops under German officers on the western front. That such a result would be a calamity goes without saying. These, however, are only words of caution. As a whole, the outlook is in the highest degree encouraging.

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The Diplomatic Progress, 1917-1918

THE fourth year of the war has seen no lessening of the incredible stupidity with which, in her relations with other countries, Germany carries on the struggle. As if determined not to profit at all by past experience, she goes on offending the moral sense of the world. Her U-boats continue to destroy hospital ships and to turn men, women, and children adrift upon stormy seas even when they are not actually fired upon in their cockle-shells. Her aviators, in utter defiance of humanity, still bomb hospitals. The revelations of her ante-bellum activities in this country, such as the subornation of the New York *Evening Mail*, continue to arouse in Americans feelings of utter contempt and disgust. In particular, the treaties which Germany has forced upon Russia and Rumania have served to arouse the moral resentment of the world and solidify neutral opinion against the Germans. German statesmen had a great opportunity at Brest-Litovsk to win the friendship and cooperation of the Russians and enhance their own moral standing, and at the same time to secure their position with the liberals within their own borders. Instead, they chose the same old stupid method of brutal rapine, characteristic of the diplomacy of an old world which ended August 1, 1914. They dismembered Russia and set up buffer states as German vassals. They are just installing a German prince as King of Finland, and have quite forgotten their solemn promises about an independent Poland.

Quite aside from the usual Prussian short-sightedness in dealing with foreign peoples and Prussian lack of morality in regard to their rights, there can be no question, if one studies what took place at Brest-Litovsk, that the explanation of some of the baseness and crass stupidity of the outcome was due to fear lest the poison of the Russian revolution should get into Germany. It is too early properly to estimate the result of what was done at Brest-Litovsk, but the world at large rightly refuses to regard the treaty as permanent. Even in Germany there are now sharp and outspoken protests. The Soviet Government in Russia may fall at any time, and in any case it will certainly be unable to pay the indemnities demanded by Berlin. The kaleidoscope of war may any day bring about changes which will necessitate a new arrangement with Russia. No just commentator upon the fourth year of the war, however, can fail to express profound regret at the complete breakdown of American and Allied diplomacy at this point in the Russian crisis. Not only did the Allies refuse the aid asked for by Lenine and Trotzky, in the form of recognition and participation, at the Brest-Litovsk Conference, but they still decline to recognize the Soviet Government notwithstanding its *de facto* existence of eight months, although they recognized Kerensky within a few days. Under the circumstances, their military intervention now would look like a final blunder. It is highly significant that the liberal press in England is opposed to military intervention, just as it is significant that the imperialists of America and the Allied countries are united in demanding military intervention on a considerable scale.

In the United States, public opinion and editorial expressions in the press are to-day much as they were in France and England in 1915. Any one who suggests an approach to peace by discussion, as is being urged in England and France by numerous strong groups, is fortunate if he escapes with being called a pro-German. The result is that every move towards peace made by German or Austrian spokesmen is at once discredited, every rumor of a coming German peace offer is denounced as a trick or as hopelessly impossible, even before the full text of the offer is printed. There appears to be a growing belief even in official circles that we must march through to Berlin at any cost. This explains, perhaps, why so little interest was aroused here by the revelations of the secret treaties, the texts of which apparently few American editors or public men took the trouble to read. The discovery, too, through publication of the letters of Emperor Charles and his brother-in-law, that Europe was actually on the brink of peace just at the moment when America was on the brink of war, and that President Wilson was kept in ignorance of what was going on, seems not to have made a deep impression.

As to the secret treaties, however, their disclosure weakened the *morale* and prestige of the Allies, and the treaties have very properly been brushed aside by President Wilson. Abroad, however, the treaties still appear to be regarded as binding so far as conditions permit. Only recently, on June 20, Mr. Balfour declared: "These treaties were entered into by this country with other members of the Allies, and to these treaties we stand. The national honor is bound up with them." Mr. Balfour certainly makes a very unhappy reference to national honor. Nevertheless, the secret treaties will not be allowed to stand in the way of peace. It would be ridiculous, for example, to believe that Mr. Wilson would consent to such dismemberment of Germany beyond the Rhine for the benefit of France as the secret treaty between England, Russia, and Italy called for. Mr. Wilson, in fact, has plainly stated that we have no intention of dismembering Germany.

Fortunately, the strategic initiative in the diplomatic as well as in the military field has now passed to the Americans, and in the enforcement of democratic ideals Mr. Wilson is without a peer. At this ending of the fourth year of war the hope of a democratic peace rests with him. However much his own democracy may limp at times, however much his treatment of small nations in the Caribbean may contrast with his indignation over the invasion of Belgium, the faith of liberals everywhere, never so strong as it is to-day, that we shall arrive at a settlement worthy of the stupendous sacrifices made, is based on Mr. Wilson's announced programme.

In Europe they are everywhere talking about the Wilson peace. Only the other day the French General Confederation of Labor adopted the Wilson terms by an overwhelming vote. It is all the more regrettable that they are being so little discussed here. As foreign visitors note to their amazement and discouragement, American editors applaud Mr. Wilson's statement of the absolute unselfishness of our participation in the war, but ignore his conditions of peace, thereby failing to create the favorable public opinion which will be essential to the support of the President at the peace conference. The work of the United States at the Conference will not be an easy one in any case. For the United States will then be but one, although doubtless the most influential, of many Powers gathered at the peace table. It is earnestly to be hoped that there will be during the year to come no abatement of the lofty ideals which he has set up for America and the Allies.

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The President and the Mob Spirit

PRESIDENT WILSON has again put American democracy much in his debt, this time by his outspoken letter on the mob spirit. Of all countries in the world the United States has been most deeply disgraced by crimes of mob action, and of all times in our history the present, with its emotional stress, with its public and private hates, with its plots and suspicions, with its exaggerated fear and impatience of any sort of dissent, is one of the periods when this dreadful spirit most easily overmasters men at ordinary times immune from its virus. Hence, the President has done well to use the influence of his high office in calling renewed attention to the danger that threatens us and our cause from such defiance of the law:

> I have called upon the nation to put its great energy into this war, and it has responded—responded with a spirit and a genius for action that has thrilled the world. I now call upon it, upon its men and women everywhere, to see to it that its laws are kept inviolate, its fame untarnished.

Possibly some of our readers do not fully realize the conditions that have moved the President to this solemn appeal. We do not refer simply to the black record of community crime, in the South and in the North as well, in the lynching and torturing of our colored fellow-citizens. It is not this alone, but a new chapter in the story of American mob outrage that has inspired the President's noble utterance. In the sixteen months since we entered the war the mob spirit has broken loose everywhere under the guise of patriotism. Social intolerance, private grudges, industrial tyrannies, political intrigues—all have wrapped themselves in the flag and have sent their ignorant and unthinking agents to do the work of darkness, whether by the petty persecution of those who for whatever reason could not or would not subscribe in satisfactory amount to the chocolate or the smoke fund, or by the tarring and feathering, deporting, beating, or actual killing of those who had incurred unpopularity and hatred, often for causes wholly unconnected with the war. What American can think without shame of Herbert S. Bigelow, one of Ohio's leading citizens, a pro-war radical, kidnapped and horsewhipped by a mob "in the name of the women and children of Belgium"? Or of less known cases, such as Leon Battig, a teacher of Ottumwa, Iowa, painted yellow by a mob on suspicion of disloyalty? Or of Mrs. Frances Bergen, a Bohemian of Benton, Illinois, ridden on a rail by a mob of Loyalty Leaguers for alleged pro-Germanism? Or of S. H. Chovenson, of Rutgers College, covered with molasses and feathers by fellow-students for alleged disloyalty? Or of a thousand miners forcibly deported from their homes in Bisbee, Arizona, by a Loyalty League organized by employers? Or of seventeen I. W. W. prisoners taken forcibly from the police of Tulsa, Oklahoma, beaten, tarred, and feathered by a mob of citizens and officials calling themselves "Knights of Liberty"? Or of 376 members of the Non-Partisan League in Rock County, Minnesota, forced to resign membership in that organization under the village marshal's threat of deportation from the county? Or of Frank Little, of Butte, Montana, a member of the executive committee of the I. W. W., hanged by a masked mob? Or, finally, of Robert Prager, a Socialist of Collinsville, Illinois, lynched by a mob whose guilty leaders were duly tried and acquitted?

Cases of mob violence come from every section of the country; they show a rapid and alarming increase in recent months. An incomplete record which lies before us, covering the period from April 1, 1917, to May 1, 1918, lists 101 separate cases. Of this number six occurred in January, six in February, seventeen in March, and forty-nine in April. In face of this startling growth of lawlessness, the authorities, with occasional honorable exceptions, have taken no sufficient action; in too many cases, indeed, they have actually connived at the outrages. Meanwhile, responsible leaders of public opinion have sat in terrorized silence. The President speaks not at all too strongly when he declares:

> I say plainly that every American who takes part in the action of a mob or gives any sort of countenance, is no true son of this great democracy, but its betrayer, and does more to discredit her by that single disloyalty to her standards of law and right than the words of her statesmen or the sacrifices of her heroic boys in the trenches can do to make suffering peoples believe her to be their saviour. How shall we commend democracy to the acceptance of other peoples if we disgrace our own by proving that it is, after all, no protection to the weak?

This trumpet call from the chosen leader of the American people may well rouse the sleeping mind and conscience of those ordinarily thoughtful persons who have been carried away by the heat and passion of the war. It should serve to remind them that our war cannot be won with the weapons of lawlessness and persecution. State and local authorities in every part of the Union ought to take it to heart. The leaders of opinion in every part of the Union ought to speak and act with absolute fearlessness to condemn and to prevent these outbreaks of lawlessness which so completely belie our ideals of democracy, our tradition of fair play, our hope of a better world after the war.

Boswells for All

THE days are gone when an author had to wait until he was dead in order to see himself the subject of a book. Now a writer's first novel is enough to set the publishers into keen competition for—his second? Oh, dear, no, for the "beat" of issuing the first book about him and his first novel. A conscientious collector would have to reserve equal space upon his shelves for the books by a contemporary and the books about him. The next step will be books about authors of books about authors. These books about living authors assume various forms. One of them, like a sight-seeing auto, whirls you past—or through—a dozen more or less notable contemporaries in several fields. Another severely limits itself to the forty leading novelists of the Middle Atlantic States. A third will tell you all about the greatest living poets whose first work appeared subsequent to 1900. An enterprising English publisher hit upon the idea of having an entire volume about each of a score of contemporary authors, the volume to be written by one of the authors treated in one of the other volumes of the series. It was no part of the plan that any author should know in advance which of his fellow-authors was designated to write him up, but obviously the only safe way to carry out such an arrangement would be to have the books appear simultaneously. Even this precaution might only have the result of flooding another publisher with applications from the authors affected, to be allowed to write about their respective biographers.

The latest announcement of books about living authors

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on this side promises three volumes, one dealing with "the men who make our novels," one with "the women who make our novels," and one with "our poets of to-day." These surveys will include altogether eighty-two living American men and women. One's respect for his country's literary prowess takes a jump as he sees this figure. Was there ever a time before in our entire history when we had four-score authors all at once worth writing books about? Their mere number is sufficient justification, if justification be needed, for having books about them. Few persons are blessed with the leisure to read so many contemporary writers, although it is surprising how many contemporaries one can read when he makes up his mind not to bother with any others. But if hardly anybody can read eighty-two authors, everybody can read three books about eighty-two authors. It will no longer be necessary to stammer and make excuses when your very much up-to-date neighbor asks you what you think of "The Serene Sisters" or "Ovens and Olives." You can counter-attack with a survey of the literary activity of Hiram Harcourt that will keep your questioner busy reorganizing his lines for a month.

But is there not danger that in reading books about authors people will neglect to read the authors? Will they not be inclined to regard a few pages about a work of fiction or a book of poems as an adequate substitute for the fiction or the poetry? To our mind, this is one of the best features of the plan. It is doubtless true that there is entirely too much reading about Shakespeare and Emerson, and not enough reading of those worthies. But we have never heard this complaint made concerning authors flourishing between 1901 and 1919. Few persons, we are convinced, can justly be charged with having read too little of Elias Tobenkin or Berton Braley and too much about them. One may go further and make the claim for books about these and other leading authors of our day that such books will perform the service of introducing these writers to no small part of the public. We should not be surprised to hear of an enterprising publisher who proposed to issue a series of books about authors who had not "arrived," but who, he would guarantee, would be found among the most prominent at the time when his books about them were scheduled to appear.

Another point in favor of books about living authors is that they are apt to be what is called "readable." This cannot always be said for the books by the authors. One who does not find it easy to get through every new work of genius as it comes out is often troubled over his failure to respond to the spirit of his time. Such a person can relieve his conscience without doing penance by perusing biographical facts, letters, anecdotes—anything except the writings—of the authors in question. Driven to choose between re-reading an old favorite at the expense of neglecting a new stranger, and neglecting the old favorite at the heavy cost of being entertained by the newcomer, will he not bless the man who first invented books about authors one has dodged? Moreover, while the reading of one book by such an author does not remove the obligation to read all his other books, the reading of a single book about such an author is definitive. One can go on in the strength of that meat all the days of his life, or at least as long as people demand of him what he thinks of the wretch. If pressed too hard, he can always launch into a vigorous defence of the author's earlier work—the work discussed in the book he read about him.

Literature De Luxe

THE war has a strange trick of turning the tables on a guileless public. When a beneficent Government that litters the world with dreary reports and dry-as-dust statistics asked the public to practice thrift, those that dwell apart from the vulgar world of best-sellers and fifteen-cent magazines serenely awaited a cataclysm of cheap literature under the law of diminishing returns. But painful enlightenment soon followed. All the "dear little," queer little magazines, the rare books for the fit but few, the free copies were cut off, while war books and cheap newspapers flourished.

Now an ingenuous publisher is commercializing the lurking vanity that makes us feel a certain condescension towards our friends that own victrolas and read a popular national weekly. If we still believed with Ecclesiastes that there is no new thing under the sun, we knew little of the bitter uses of advertisement. Our publisher, adept in the gentle art of buttonholing, begins engagingly:

> You will perhaps consider $1.75 a very high price to pay for X. It is, but present abnormal conditions would justify my charging a very much higher price for a novel with its relatively limited appeal.

Dismal words these—yet could any purchaser resist the blandishments that follow?

> I believe that readers who care for such distinguished novels as X will realize that the cost . . . of the book with a relatively limited appeal must be greater than that of the essentially popular book and that . . . they will cheerfully pay the necessary increase. I might say finally that no reduction has been made or contemplated in Mr. (Author's) royalty.

Here is the masterly personal touch. When Milton's publisher paid seventy paltry pounds for "Paradise Lost," when Johnson's bookseller gave him just enough for "Rasselas" to pay for his mother's funeral, little did they dream of the possibilities of the "relatively limited appeal"!

Yet it is a poor rule that does not work both ways. If we must pay more for the book with a "relatively limited appeal," is it not fair that we should pay less for "an essentially popular book"? Perhaps our choice will be regulated by our incomes, and the Government will determine that those having $2,000 a year or less must read Laura Jean Libbey; $3,000, Robert Chambers; $4,000, Booth Tarkington or Arnold Bennett; $5,000, Edith Wharton or H. G. Wells; $10,000 or more, Joseph Conrad. Millionaires could, of course, afford "special authors"—and Mr. Rockefeller might even have a private author of his own, like King Louis II.

Why should not the other arts, too, follow this example? The painter whose pictures no one wants, the playwright whose plays few wish to see, the composer whose opera wins a prize, perchance, but not an audience—should they not demand a higher price because of his "relatively limited appeal"? Then there is the cowed purchaser who might add, "I might finally say that no increase has been made or contemplated in my salary." While this would be the retort courteous, its justice will hardly be admitted by those that trade in letters. The rare spirits that read "distinguished novels" are doubtless too few to organize an effective strike and thus induce the Government to take over the publishing houses. All that is left to the distinguished reader is to sit tight, read the old books with a "relatively limited appeal," and dream of that far-off, divine day when thrift will again have ceased to be an American virtue.

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The Alarming Coal Situation

By ALBERT JAY NOCK

THE outlook for next winter's fuel supply is extremely bad and discouraging. For industrial purposes, taking hard and soft coal together, there is a considerable shortage in production, and this is beyond help. Any forecast that can be made for the domestic consumer who depends on hard coal alone is so complicated by provisos that there is simply no telling what his plight will be. The very best that can be said is this: that if we have an open winter and if transportation is adequate and if distribution is properly managed and if there is no further depletion of mine labor by the draft or by competition of other industries and if there are no more labor troubles, we shall have all around approximately within five per cent. as much domestic coal as we had last year. What its quality will be remains to be known. Last year, we remember, the Government's price-fixing experiment resulted in such a generous "sophistication," as the Italians say, with mine-rock and slate that such coal as we had was largely fireproof. The major anthracite companies—the railway-owned concerns—lay the blame for this upon the scandalous and unprincipled independent. This may be as it may be. The American householder has too much on his mind just now to trouble about fixing responsibility *ex post facto* for a peculiarly cruel and detestable swindle. We are much more interested to know whether Mr. Garfield has really devised a way to defeat this sort of thrifty enterprise hereafter; and this is precisely what we do not know. He maintains, or it is claimed for him, that he has done so; but there is nothing in our experience with Mr. Garfield so far to warrant more than a lively hopefulness that his plan may work

The consumer may know from the foregoing, then, where he stands—he knows as much as any one knows. He may not know whether he will be able to keep his house warm next winter at whatever cost—no one knows that—but there may be at least a kind of melancholy satisfaction in getting acquainted with the elements of his problem. The weather next winter is beyond forecast or control; but the other elements are not. Production and transportation are manageable; moreover, they are in the hands of executives who cannot complain that their hands are tied in any way. The country has not only shown an almost incredible self-effacing prodigality in its bestowal of power, but it has consistently maintained a most handsome attitude towards its officials, in the face of intolerable inconvenience and distress. The people have been marvellously patient with them while they were learning their jobs, patient with all the slowness and failure and waste that are inevitably incidental to huge social experiments; with a poverty-stricken ineptitude in appointive offices and with costly bureaucratic machinery that proved ineffective. They have submitted without murmuring to the overnight imposition of an unprecedented increase in transportation costs. If enough anthracite coal is not mined or if it is imperfectly distributed, it will not be because the American people have been reluctant to delegate authority or unwilling to pay the bills. The consent of the governed has been given with no stepmotherly voice; and those who derive their just powers from it have had a full year in which to provide against any conceivable emergency, let alone the repetition of such a deplorable calamity as came upon many sections of the country last winter. No executive could possibly ask more than this, and no executive may reasonably waive the corresponding responsibility.

About fourteen per cent. of the mine laborers have disappeared from the anthracite district; a majority of them have gone into the service, and more are being called. This points to an inexcusable lack of coördination between the Fuel Administration and the War Department. The business of the Provost Marshal General is to raise an army, and whatever comes to his mill is grist. He is for an impartial enforcement of the draft; it does not greatly concern him that he may be depleting an essential industry unless and until that industry is so declared by authority. The local exemption boards and appeal boards have made a moderately reasonable use of what discretion they have, but mine laborers are no more eager than other men to apply for exemption. Curiosity, the lure of adventure, the inarticulate yearning after whatever appears to promise a larger life, all have their weight with them as they have with others. The pressure of a morbid and unintelligent public opinion is as heavy against a "slacker" in the anthracite district as it is elsewhere, and the miners do not court it. It is said that the operators are not very forward in urging individual exemptions, and while there is no evidence of it as a set policy, it is probably true, in the main, as an instinctive natural reaction. The attitude of the operators is quite human. They are punctiliously doing what is asked of them, and doing it exceedingly well. They have established a record per-man production, and some are mining at less profit for the sake of getting out coal quickly—for example, out of veins that are easily accessible but so thin that according to the accepted scale of profits it does not pay to work them. They are quite content, however, to do the best they can as operators and keep as clear as possible from matters of general policy. Being able and experienced men, they have about the same degree of respect for Mr. Garfield that the veteran sea-dog has for the fledgling naval lieutenant; they obey diligently and perhaps do not consciously wish to see him discredited, but simply do not feel called on to play an officious second Providence to him in order to prevent it. They are quite well aware that the status of labor in an essential industry cannot be settled by any mere pottering with individual exemptions, and they respond in the premises with a more or less bored routine.

Meanwhile, mine labor is getting in a bad way. It is well known that actual mining is a highly skilled industry. The State of Pennsylvania requires a two years' apprenticeship to turn out a certified miner. Obviously, then, the certified miners who go into the service cannot be replaced; and even if the restrictions were taken off, it is equally clear that an admixture of unqualified men would be very bad for production. But aside from the certified miners, there are great numbers of men employed about the mines who mostly rank as low-grade laborers and yet cannot be replaced in any considerable labor turnover without retarding production. These are loaders, mule-drivers, bratticemen, carpenters, blacksmiths, and the like. One would say off-hand that a man who could drive mules along a canal could drive them anywhere; mule-driving is mule-driving. But, really, this is

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not quite so—not in the anthracite mines. Inroads into low-grade labor can be made up after a fashion—if, indeed, we are not pretty rapidly coming to an end of our visible supply of such labor. But it cannot be done consistently with maximum production, and nothing short of maximum production will meet even the current demand for anthracite. It is an extremely disquieting observation that although normally there are at this time of year hundreds of thousands of tons in surface storage here and there in the anthracite district, there is to-day not a pound in sight. One comes away with the certainty that there must be some coördinate blanket policy fixed to abate the ruinous competition between Mr. Garfield and General Crowder in the anthracite labor market. This article has no policy to suggest; the zealous stupidity of eager amateurs is already a terrible burden for the country to carry, and we have no notion of adding our contribution to it. Some advocate an out-and-out conscription of labor in uniform, mildly administered, in order to do away with the social disabilities attaching to the "slacker," and some urge that coal-mining be declared an essential industry—pointing out that gold-mining has been so declared—and that a general exemption be extended. These propositions need not be discussed; they show their merits and demerits on their face. There remains the fact, however, which one sees to be open and notorious the moment one sets foot in the anthracite district, that if some accommodation is not effected, and effected at once, the domestic consumer's future looks very dark. One might perhaps suggest to President Wilson that the function of coördination in this case is properly his, and that he could accomplish it with a very slight outlay of time and energy. It is certain, at least, that the matter can no longer be left in the feeble hands of the Fuel Administration, nor is there any conceivable reason why it should be. A blind man could not play a hose ten minutes any noonday in front of the Scranton Club without drenching a dozen better executives than Mr. Garfield; and there are seasoned old operators in any number—Mr. May, Mr. Ingalls, Mr. Dorrance, for example—who are able to give the country the same order of service that Mr. Schwab has managed to provide in a like emergency. The indications, as the doctors say, are for a thorough reorganization of the Fuel Administration on the lines taken with the Shipping Board; the condition is quite as critical and the time quite as short.

The statistics of the situation are these: There is not so much labor in the anthracite district to-day as there was in 1914. The rate of depletion is shown by comparing the number employed in 1916 (177,000) with the number employed in 1917 (153,534). In 1917 the mine-workers' day was eight hours, while before the war and up to 1915 they worked nine hours, sometimes ten. The effect on production of the shortening of hours must be reckoned in with the effect of the labor shortage. The anthracite coal shipments from the district in 1917 came to a little under eighty million tons; but one-quarter of that was washery coal, dug out of culm-banks with a steam-shovel. Allowing for the heavy adulteration with incombustible material, the output of mined coal came to about forty-seven million tons last year—a falling off from the production of previous years.

The Fuel Administration urges various economies—and no one deprecates economy. In point of economy, however, the domestic consumers, especially among the poor—and the poor are in the great majority—have for many years been making a virtue of necessity. The fact that anthracite bears a monopoly price has effectively schooled them in the admirable virtue that Mr. Garfield recommends. But with all due regard for economy, and cordial approval of most of Mr. Garfield's specific recommendations, it must be observed that he is at the same time permitting a depletion of unreplaceable labor to go on, without apparent care or protest. As long as this is so, the Fuel Administration's panegyrics on economy and dismal forebodings for next winter must inevitably lose a great deal of their force. Moreover, as long as this is so, it seems idle to discuss the other elements of the problem—transportation, storage, distribution, the possible demands of labor unions, and so on. Until coal is brought to the surface, it can be neither stored nor transported. It cannot be brought to the surface in sufficient quantities to fill an enormously increased demand as long as this depletion of skilled and semi-skilled labor is permitted to continue; and this depletion cannot be expected to stop until some kind of administrative arrangement is effected between the two branches of Government service that are now in collision. This collision was easy to foresee, easy to provide against; and the fact that it has been so long unforeseen or neglected is simply one more proof of Mr. Garfield's lamentable unfitness to control the comfort and welfare of our people in the position he now occupies.

Great Britain and the Economic War

By WILLIAM MACDONALD

EVER since the publication of the resolutions of the Paris Conference regarding an economic "war after the war," the question of the commercial and industrial relations between the Allied nations and the Central Powers after the peace has been increasingly discussed. In England, where the need for raw materials and shipping is joined to fear of "dumping" and "penetration," the discussion of the subject has been particularly active. The "Memorandum on War Aims," adopted by the Inter-Allied Labor and Socialist Conference in London on February 22, took strong ground against any kind of economic war, "either against one or other foreign nation or against all foreign nations," as inevitably leading to reprisals; and further demanded that "the main lines of marine communication should be open without hindrance to vessels of all nations under the protection of a league of nations." On the other hand, the "Memorandum" recognizes the right of each nation "to the defence of its own economic interests," and, in view of a probable world shortage of food, raw materials, and shipping after the war, to "the conservation for its own people of a sufficiency of its own supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials." The general policy, however, should be that of the open door, "without hostile discrimination against foreign countries."

The Committee on Commercial and Industrial Policy after the War, appointed in July, 1916, under the chairmanship of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, made public last May, through the Ministry of Reconstruction, a report which goes further in its indication of necessary restrictions. Premising that British producers are entitled to protection against "dumping," and that pivotal or "key" industries should be maintained "at all hazards and at any expense," the Committee recommended that the prohibition of the importation of

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goods of enemy origin be continued, subject to license in exceptional cases, for at least one year after the peace, and longer if such extension be deemed expedient; and, further, that Great Britain join with the Allies in a policy of joint control of the export of such materials as are essential to the restoration of their own industries. Imperial preference and improved trade relations with the Allies were also urged. The Committee were agreed, however, that any restrictive measures which might be adopted for the control of either home or foreign trade should be "kept within the narrowest limits." Protection to any industry, the Committee declared, whether by tariff duties or by other Government aid, "should be provided only for reasons of national safety, or on the general ground that no industry of real importance to our economic strength and well-being should be allowed to be weakened by foreign competition or brought to any extent under alien control."

There have been a good many indications, however, some of them antedating the publication of the foregoing report, that an influential section of British public opinion was inclining towards a much more drastic procedure. Four reports of departmental committees of the Board of Trade, published in England on June 13, and dealing respectively with the iron and steel, engineering, electrical, and textile trades, carry far-reaching proposals for the exclusion of German competition after the war. The committee on the iron and steel trades recommend that, in order to restore the trade to "something like its old position," the importation of iron and steel manufactured products from present enemy countries be prohibited "during the period of reconstruction," and that no raw materials be sent to present enemy countries from any of the British Dominions. They further recommend a prohibition upon the carriage by British vessels of raw materials or manufactured iron or steel from neutral to present enemy ports, or to neutral countries for eventual dispatch to enemy countries; and they suggest that "careful consideration" be given to the question of allowing enemy ships to carry goods to or from England or to coal at any British coaling stations.

The other three reports are of similar tenor. The committee on the engineering trades would prohibit the importation of enemy engineering products, except under license, for at least one year, "and longer if expedient." The committee on the electrical trades would have the period of prohibition three years, "subject to licensed importation after twelve months"; with the further provision that goods produced in foreign countries by concerns controlled by enemy capital "or under enemy direction" should be treated as enemy products. The committee on the textile trades recommends the prohibition of enemy textile products for at least a year, imports from Germany and Austria-Hungary to be subjected afterwards, "for such a period as may be determined by considerations of national policy," to a special tariff.

It has remained for the Board of Trade committee on shipping and shipbuilding after the war to cap this structure of discrimination and prohibition by proposing the wholesale confiscation of enemy ships. The report, which bears date of March of the present year, but which was not made public until later, is reprinted in this country by the *Nautical Gazette* in its issue of July 20. "It is of the utmost importance," the report lays down, "that as large a proportion as possible of the world shipping engaged in trade should be under the British flag at an early date after the war." The committee consider that "no peace would be satisfactory which did not enforce the surrender of enemy shipping and inflict drastic and exemplary punishment for the enemy's crimes at sea." They accordingly make the following recommendations:

(1) Enemy countries should be required as a condition of peace:

(a) To surrender to the Allies all their merchant shipping whether in enemy ports at the close of hostilities or in ports of countries still neutral.

(b) To forfeit all ships laid up since the outbreak of hostilities in ports of countries that have become involved in war or have broken off diplomatic relations with them; and

(c) To restore to the Allies all Allied shipping that may have come into their possession since the outbreak of hostilities.

. . . . . .

(3) As and when demobilization is completed, all enemy vessels not already sold should be sold by auction in the various countries, the proceeds of the sales to be treated as part of the common war indemnity paid by the enemy countries.

(4) Provided such an arrangement is possible, we think that a scheme of distribution which would secure the allocation of enemy tonnage among the Allies in some rough proportion to the losses sustained by individual Allied countries would offer many advantages. Otherwise, the enemy vessels should be sold by auction in the various countries to the highest bidder, so long as he is of Allied nationality and is able to furnish satisfactory proof that he is acting on behalf of Allied interests.

(5) Neutrals and enemies should not be admitted to purchase, and a condition should be attached to the sales to prevent the retransfer of vessels to enemy interests or interests controlled by the enemy for such period as restrictions may be imposed on enemy ships, shipping, and trade in general.

The committee further recommended that, in case Great Britain and all the Allies, including the United States, "as part of a larger economic policy directed against the enemy countries during the early reconstruction period," are prepared to do so, the building of ships in the Empire for enemy owners, and the transfer of vessels to enemy flags, should also be prohibited for such period as may be agreed upon. In that event, the Allies should be "prepared to exert pressure on neutrals to the same end."

The significance of such a programme is not easily overestimated. Its meaning is clear. What the recommendations of the Board of Trade committees look forward to is the virtual annihilation of German shipping after the war and the consequent crippling, to a very large extent, of German foreign trade. The fact that the prohibitions mentioned apply only to the "early reconstruction period" is not an important palliative, for that period itself is of wholly indeterminate length. However long or short the process of reconstruction, the injury, so far as Germany is concerned, will have been done. Nor is this all. Neutral countries, notwithstanding that they, too, have suffered heavily at the hands of Germany in the matter of ships and trade, at the same time that they have had to put up with onerous restrictions imposed by the Allies and the United States, are also to be discriminated against.

The report of a committee is not, of course, the same thing as the action of a Government. What action the British Government will take in regard to the matters dealt with in these various reports remains to be seen. That the Board of Trade committee on shipping hopes that its labors will not have been in vain is implied in one of its concluding observations, that "an announcement by the Government that it accepts as sound the principles outlined in this report

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would do much to dispel the uncertainty from which the industries are suffering." One turns with interest, not to say concern, to President Wilson's message to Congress on December 4:

> You catch, with me, the voices of humanity that are in the air. . . . They insist that the war shall not end in vindictive action of any kind; that no nations or peoples shall be robbed or punished because the irresponsible rulers of a single country have themselves done deep and abominable wrongs. . . . The wrongs, the very deep wrongs, committed in this war will have to be righted. That of course. But they cannot and must not be righted by the commission of similar wrongs against Germany and the Allies.

These are the sweeping words of the head of a great nation without whose aid the British Isles might to-day have been another Belgium. The framers of the reports which have been cited must be assumed to have understood their import and given it due weight. One cannot but ask whether the leaders of British industry and commerce, in advocating an after-the-war policy towards Germany which is opposed to the spirit of everything that President Wilson has ever said, seriously contemplate a break with the United States on this essential point; or whether, now that the ultimate defeat of Germany seems nearer than it did in December last, they fancy that the President will yield to the demands of "business" or the lure of economic greed. The emphatic repudiation by Mr. Lloyd George's Government of the shipping proposals of the Board of Trade would be a welcome answer to the first of these questions. The second, we suspect, Mr. Wilson has abundant courage to answer for himself.

Lindens

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

DURING the first week of August, the quiet streets of the old seaport are filled with warm clinging fog, which makes them ghostly gray even in daylight. With the hush and grayness comes a rich outpouring of perfume which seems to be part of the sea fog. But the source is the many lindens, shading streets that need no shade; for this is the week of the linden, and each stately tree has turned itself into a gigantic bridal bouquet. Marcel Prévost holds that the scent of the linden is the very essence of love.

Spring is the time for blossom, August for fruitage; but this eccentric tree postpones blooming till past midsummer, and then floods the air with ambrosial perfume in a second spring. On the stem of the broad heart-shaped leaf, it puts forth a narrow, weak looking secondary leaf, called by botanists a bract; and from the mid-rib springs a stem bearing light yellow flowers in knots of three. The tree is full foliaged, and the countless blooms show tallow-colored against the massive green. Now it is beloved of the bees, and the evening moths, and becomes "a summer home of murmurous wings." There is nothing sweeter on the tongue than linden, or basswood, honey.

The blossoms droop and die; the entrancing perfume no longer takes the sense prisoner; and by mid-September the place of each cluster of yellow flowers has been taken by three hard, round, grayish nuts, each containing one or two seeds. The beautiful tree is eager to reproduce itself and to protect its countless seeds from injury. Another marvel follows. The bract withers and turns pale. Gravitation and the autumn winds take hold of it and detach it before the parent leaf is ripe. The weight of the seed-nuts, or capsules, turns the bract upside down, and it becomes a little airplane. If let drop, it volplanes down to earth; but the spiral motion sustains it long enough in the air, if the wind is blowing, to carry it beyond the immediate area overspread by the branches. So it is carried away to make possible forests of lindens. Old-fashioned people would say—Design; but we know better. The tree makes itself, of course.

The Romans knew the linden as *tilia*. Virgil makes it a feature of the little steading he "remembered to have seen" under the lofty towers of Spartan-built Tarentum. He says nothing of its perfume; but he knew the bees fed on it, and the mention of honey just before is significant. He also tells that the yoke for the plough was made from the light linden; it is easily hollowed with the sharp iron. The North American Indians also discovered the character of this easily worked, almost grainless, wood. At Hiawatha's wedding all the bowls were made of basswood, white and polished very smoothly.

Basswood is the universal name in America for this marvellous tree. Basswood is simply "bast-wood," the tree that furnishes "bast," the fibrous inner bark, from which primitive man made him mats, cordage, and fishing nets. Here it is named—who knows why?—from its utilitarian value, and there is a break with its historic and poetic past. For "linden" seems a foreign affectation, bookish, literary. Few reading

> The old house by the lindens
> Stood open in the shade

connect the shade trees with the basswood of popular speech. "Line," "lime," "linden," are "all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations," as Captain Fluellen would say. "Linden" seems to mean wood of the "line" which grew on Prospero's island and held the snares of gay clothing for Caliban and his fellow-conspirators. "Lime" is a mispronunciation of "line," it appears. "And all around the large lime feathers low," sings Tennyson. Matthew Arnold knows its time of blooming.

> And air-swept lindens yield
> Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
> Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid
> And bower me from the August sun with shade.

Seldom has poet had a more poetic lair. English literature, however, has small space for the linden.

On the other hand, the Germans are particularly fond of it. Folk poetry would be poorer without the linden tree and ale-house beneath it, and the *Lindenwirthin, jung und schlank*, as in the roguish, provocative song. Then there is Schubert's *Lindenblüthe*. It reaches far back into the past. Siegfried bathed under the linden tree and became invulnerable like Achilles, except for the fatal spot between his shoulders on which the linden leaf fluttered down and through which fierce Hagen of the rapid glances stabbed him to death. Linden was a synonym for shield in old English poetry. German scholars think it was a wooden shield overlaid with "bast." The word is found in the "Battle of Maldon" and "Beowulf." It has, therefore, a most respectable antiquity, though even Kluge, that word-wise man, did not know its origin. The plain American basswood is lawful heir to all the history and romance of the linden, but on account of this unfortunate change of name can never enter into its inheritance.

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Redemption

Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Poem, 1918

By STUART P. SHERMAN

1.

THIS is the hour; and this the memoried place;
And punctual June
Her annual pageant brings with mocking face—
Too soon, too soon!

2.

What pregnant word or festive tune
Can charm the ear that still at Wisdom's feast
Hearkens from wide-flung windows towards the East?
What old familiar strain
Can clear the eyes that glisten
With visionary pain?
Call home the hearts that listen
For shouting in Lorraine?

3.

Through all the heavy years
Since Belgium to the levelled spears
Opposed her outraged breast,
Stale grows the zest
Of quiet Wisdom's quest,
Sad Learning half forgets to tend her fires:
For we are all but shadows and desires,
Expectancies and fears.

4.

Like puppets that through solemn motions go,
We bow to civic merit as of yore;
But well we know
The mistress of our lore,
Burdened with martial care and martial woe,
Harvard herself, scarce heeds us any more.

5.

In academic gown
She moves about the town,
Queen of our holiday,
Or sits with folded hands and seems to hear
Our compliment and customary cheer;
But still her thought will stray,
Her eyes through mist look down,
Or travel far away,
Oblivious of our plaudits or her fame,
Mourning for that high-hearted knight
Who, wounded, turned with courage bright
And bore again to mortal fight
Her own thrice-honored name.

6.

And we—
To our high window looking o'er the sea
We cannot choose but turn,
While in the heavens burn
And crash our wild Icarian chivalry,
Though chorus to a daily tragedy—
Chorus that nothing shocks,
No horror can appall—
We wait like Trojan women on the wall
To hear the fall
Of young Astyanax upon the rocks.

7.

Why do I say we wait?
The Great Republic plays her part,
Goes proudly forth to make, not meet, her fate.
Why do I say we wait?
The passion-play of nations holds the stage;
We are the chorus; and with choric rage
Utter the words of a distracted age,
The whirling words of a distracted heart.

8.

I hear the Mighty Mother crying
In anguish and in pride
To the dear sons, the brave ones,
That muster at her side
While her battleflag is flying
And her soul is tried.

9.

"O minds unschooled in murderous arts,
Whom I send forth to slay,
O gentle hands, O kindly hearts,
Forgive the reluctant lips that lay
This task on you to-day.

"Not in the highway of my dream
Your squadrons march, your sabres gleam,
Your wrathful cannon join the fray.

"Nay! from the depths of my desire
For peaceful ways and civil,
I strove with man and devil
To quench the old world's widening fire.
I prayed the powers of evil
To pass my children by,
And leave the dusty war-flags furled
Through all the quiet Western world.

"The devil laughed; for he and I
Looked on the earth with various eye.

"In bitter sooth I saw
While the old monster kept his lair,
Followed the jungle's law,
Sallied through earth and sea and air
With dragon's tooth and claw,
Vain was our hope and vain our prayer
For aught on earth of good or fair.

"The devil's peace I could not keep,
Nor 'neath the sword of Zabern sleep.
With frustrate faith, with hope adjourned,
From all the work we love I turned
To hear a voice imperious say:
'There is no other way
But the old blood price to pay.'

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"Not mine, dear sons, not mine the will
I summon your manhood to fulfil.
A God in wrath marks out in red
The path that his lieutenants tread.

"Across the ambushed deep,
Beneath infested skies,
Where wasted cities weep
His dreadful pathway lies.
Where fires infernal sweep,
And bleeding Nature's cries
Are buried under
The cannon's thunder,
His eager banner flies,
His rousing bugles blow,
His captains call, and row on row
His cohorts leap to smite the foe—
The bull-mouthed giant,
The brazen clan,
The brood defiant
Of God and man,
That works the world unmeasured woe.

"Your valiant hearts I know, I know.
In your brave eyes the will of God shines bright.
O you, my sons, God keep you in his sight!
His urgent bugles blow!
Go, redeemers, go,
And give to him your dedicated might.
O you, my swords, God use you in his fight!

"Yet I, who love you so—
To me it seems I send you forth to die
Like that devoted band which year by year
Sad Athens brought in sable ships to Crete—
In your bright youth unutterably dear.
Still in your sunlight and your springtime sweet,
Joy's cup I bid you put untasted by
To rush with shuddering breath
Into the flaming winds and iron sleet
And the great darkness of death."

10.

I heard the sons replying,
Valiant-hearted, dauntless-eyed,
They that came from far and wide
To their mother in her pride,
When her mighty soul was tried
And her battle-flag was flying:

11.

"All that we have and are,
Gladly we give to thee,
All that we brought from far,
All that we hope to be.

"Gifts that thou gavest, sweet,
We had and held in trust;
We lay them at thy feet,
O merciful and just,

"Knowing, when we depart,
All that we vainly willed,
Safe in thy guardian heart
Shall be at last fulfilled.

"The feud of right with might
Thy sons are sworn to wage—
They for a day and night,
But thou from age to age.

"Through clouds and darkness marching
With thy tall men of old,
God's bow the storm o'erarching,
Seeking the age of gold,

"Thou camest, dear crusader,
On iron times and men,
The rampant dragon-raider,
The flame, the poisoned fen.

"Wounded, rebuffed, undaunted
In fields of fiery pain,
Still by the vision haunted,
Fighting the great campaign,

"Thou liftest yet, O mother,
Thy deep prophetic eyes,
Out of the smoke and smother,
To fairer lands and skies.

" 'Here,' saith thy Ebenezer,
'Our God burnt up the scroll,
Here set the sun of Cæsar,
The serfdom of the soul.'

"Thou makest, mighty dreamer,
All peoples dream thy dream,
Hail thee for their redeemer,
And toward thy banner stream.

"With thee shall son and lover
From conflict find release,
Strangely in war discover
That in thy will is peace.

"A step in thy tradition,
A sword-thrust in thy strife,
A day upon thy mission
Is worth the rest of life.

"Death, shall thy dear ones meet
With unregretful eyes;
Thy love and faith make sweet
Our utmost sacrifice.

"Nearer the goal they sought for,
In thy great purpose blest,
Wrapt in the flag they fought for
Thy sons shall be at rest."

12.

To those who have given all
What guerdon shall be given?
What praise to them shall fall
Who unto death have striven?

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The praise of men who bear
Forward the flags fraternal;
The cross of war to wear
Into the peace eternal.

To dust their dust shall turn
But freed from mortal pallor,
In living hearts shall burn
Their uncorrupted valor.

From them to us shall leap
Faith that shall falter never,
A vow to swear and keep
Forever and forever:

The Commonwealth of Man
That through the bloodstained portal
Our eyes in shadow scan,
Shall shine in light immortal.

And they, the pioneers,
That blazed for God a highway
Yet fell in blood and tears
In some abandoned byway—

The wide world's grateful breath
On days of prayer and fasting
Shall change their glory of death
To glory everlasting.

13.

Under the pall and peril of eclipse
We stagger midway through a crimson flood,
And prayers, not pæans now, become the lips
That take for sacrament their brothers' blood.

O fain, how fain, each private heart to crave
Respite from grief, swift ending unto pain,
A sudden hand put forth with power to save,
Some heavenly way our Eden to regain.

But pray no more for peace, O pray no more!
Let pallid hope and weak petition cease,
While breaks the Huns' inundatory roar
Against the throne and dwelling-place of peace.

What answer shall He render, He who strove
With gods, and now in anguish like despair
Marks how the new-throned dynasty of Jove
Hurls the Lord Christ from heaven?—Peace to prayer!

What peace has He who hears our wild alarms?
Remembering that good will on the cross,
Shall he not call the heroic dead to arms
To guard a world redeemed, from endless loss?
Lead on! O striving war-scarred God, lead on!
Till frantic monarchs who, with self-applause,
Bedimmed the fairest hope that ever shone,
Fall on the biting edge of broken laws.

Lead on! Lead on! Ours be a soldier's prayer,
For gifts befitting times and seasons rude:
Such hearts as through the weariest war will wear,
Such changeless faith, such moveless fortitude!

14.

O watchers for the dawn,
Let us go down to the sea and wait
Till the dreary night is gone.

How long? How long?

Till soon or late
The House of Hate
Is shattered,
Her Kings uncrowned, unflattered,
Like weeds in winter scattered
Or words of wanton song?

O watchmen of the night,
Let us go down to the sea, and wait
With one accord
For the first slow fingers of the light,
Silent as men expecting great reward,
The end of ancient wrong,
A risen Lord.

How long? How long?

Till soon or late,
She whom we watched for all the night
Out of the gray dawn slips,
Runs down the rejoicing sea,
With olives crowned, in garments white,
Wind-blown and beautiful and bright—
The winged Victory!
Speeding before the ships,
Her trumpet at her lips
To hail a world set free!

Correspondence

The Crescent Moon

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A writer signing himself P. R. B. rushes into print in the *Nation* of June 29 with what he seems to regard as a great discovery, namely, that Hugh Walpole in "Fortitude" should speak of "a crescent moon rising in the east some time after sunset, and . . . giving so much light that the passing of a cloud plunges the earth in darkness." If he had taken the trouble to look up the use of "crescent" as applied to the moon, his "irritation" would have been turned against himself.

I have waited thus long in order to verify this phenomenon from actual observation. The crescent moon is now rising in the east, and P. R. B. may see it for himself. A professor of Johns Hopkins University, some thirty-odd years ago, made this same discovery (?), but as I thought the "judicious" would see the learned professor's error, I said nothing about it at the time. Since, however, error propagates itself sometimes more easily than truth, it is time that some one should call public attention to this wonderful discovery.

"The New English Dictionary" gives the two following definitions of "crescent moon": "The waxing moon, during the period between the new moon and the full."—"The con-

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vexo-concave figure of the waxing or waning moon, during the first and last quarter." And numerous examples are cited from English authors to verify the usage.

In popular parlance, of course, the crescent moon means the new moon; but is this a sufficient reason for a scholar to allow himself to fall into a trap, when he could so easily have avoided it by referring to the dictionary?

SAMUEL GARNER

Annapolis, Md., July 22

The Wisdom of Burke

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the teacher holding to the old-time traditions, the many quotations from Burke on Conciliation in your editorials throughout the year are an effective argument for the retention of that classic in the secondary school curriculum. What becomes of the contention that we must supplant it with something "modern" when it is observed that Burke's advice to the Whigs in 1775 is needed by the Republicans in 1918? In your issue of July 20 you quote Mr. R. Fulton Cutting as saying: "What we [the Republicans] want is a positive, concrete programme of constructive statesmanship." In the language of Burke:

> The public tribunal (never too indulgent to a long and unsuccessful opposition) would now scrutinize our conduct with unusual severity: the very vicissitudes and shiftings of Ministerial measures, instead of convicting their authors of inconstancy and want of system, would be taken as an occasion of charging us with a predetermined discontent, which nothing could satisfy. . . . The public would not have the patience to see us play the game out with our adversaries; we must produce our hand.

MILDRED HINSDALE

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22

Kindness and Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many years ago I saw this saying attributed to Kant: Strange there should be so much kindness and so little justice in the world.

I should be grateful if some philosopher or historian of morals among your readers would say whether it is by Kant; and if so, where it was said. I shall be surprised if it turn out that Kant wrote it. Nothing could be truer than that there is much kindness and little justice in mankind. But there is nothing strange in that. Were there as much justice as kindness, that would be strange indeed. The thing is not possible.

DUNCAN SAVAGE

New York, June 21

Jusqu' au Bout

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial entitled "An Informal Peace Conference," in the *Nation* of July 6, you ask the question, "Why is it that, with each side professing an earnest desire for peace, no attempt is made to get together and talk things over?" You imply that you can see no disadvantage to the Allied cause in entering into negotiations, and you not only urge that the Allies and Germany get together and discuss one another's terms, but even cast doubt upon the entire sincerity of the statement of the Allied leaders that no "unambiguous" and "sincere" offer of peace from Germany will be ignored. This attitude is further expressed in your editorial of July 13, "The President at Mount Vernon," in which you characterize President Wilson's demand for "the destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence," as disappointing.

The war has reached an advanced stage, and we hope is nearing its end. I should not think much of the chances of a football team which, towards the close of a scoreless game, began to listen for the whistle, instead of keeping its eyes on the goal. The chief "War Aim" is a military victory. Any discussion of "War Aims" which distracts public attention from the necessity of carrying the war to a successful military conclusion and which weakens the national will to achieve a military victory is an insidious and might be a fatal danger.

If the war ends in the military defeat of Germany, it will be remembered by this generation and future generations in Germany as the disastrous issue of a fatal policy. If the war ends in a compromise, it will be remembered by the Pan-Germans, at least, as an unsuccessful issue of a policy that almost laid the world at their feet. Which frame of mind is more likely to make possible the preservation of the peace of the world in the future?

LOREE DENNIS

Louisville, Ky., July 17

Fishermen's Camouflage

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read a few days since the letter on the subject of "Ancient Camouflage," in the *Nation* of June 22.

I notice that it says that the "Elder Pliny lists as available for ships . . . crimson, violet, blue, two shades of orange, and green." Five of these colors are used for the sails of the fishing vessels in a painting which I have that was done by a native Italian artist. Since reading the letter in the *Nation*, I have wondered whether this custom of coloring the sails of fishing craft, etc., in times of peace among the nations bordering the Mediterranean, and in some other waters, was not originally a species of camouflage adopted to avoid being captured by pirates, which formerly infested those waters.

This is merely a guess, but it seems of noteworthy interest.

F. STURGES ALLEN

Springfield, Mass., July 7

Meticulous Realism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "P. R. B.'s" animadversions, in your current issue, on Hugh Walpole's astronomic antics call up in me a chain of similar reminiscences. In a recent novel of Mrs. Wharton's a New Englander fells a forest in June—the sound of his axe rings, as I remember, for the duration of an afternoon through the leafy glades. In a novel by a minor author—a novel which, up to that point, seemed really racy of the soil and by that alone meritorious—a party of young people sit on the piazza hulling blackberries for tea; one

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imagines the blackberries to have been preceded at the evening repast by a dish of smelts, freshly caught in the mountain brook. Turning from nature, the author of some stories which owed all their charm to a certain pleasant quality of realism describes the rich parents of a small-town young man as giving him on his marriage the princely sum of three thousand dollars with which to build a house —this in 1912. A young woman, in a recent story by still another lady author, is received by an actor—whom she hadn't previously met—in his dressing-room, where he talks with her while he shifts his costume behind a screen, assisted by his valet. Setting aside the question of convention, which even in the theatrical world is not totally disregarded, I assure you that, though there might be room for an actor, a young lady, and a valet in a dressing-room, there would positively be no room for a screen. M. A. A.

Boston, June 28

An Open Letter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Clement's communication from Tokio, in your issue of July 6, the terms "America," "American," are used so indiscriminately that one is thoroughly confused. If there is no other safeguard, will not editors put the letters U. S., at least, in brackets when reference is intended to the *Government* of the United States of America?

The Pan-American movement includes a score of republics other than our own. I copy a sentence from Mr. Clement's communication: "The movement to connect America, Alaska, and Asia will be a main current of future world politics, and may be called the Three A Policy of America." Now, I claim to be a person of average ability and much more than average information, yet Mr. Clement's article is to me less than nothing. The intermingling of "Pan-Americanism," etc., etc., leaves one quite at a loss as to what the author does mean, technically.

If writers cannot write clearly, cannot editors so edit matter as to make it available for technical purposes?

From a reader of the *Nation* since 1884.

L. GRAHAM CROZIER

Knoxville, Tenn., July 9

The Careless Briton

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every patriotic American must be at his wits' end to know how to combat the almost treacherous calmness of our British allies. They have been at war with Germany for four years, and yet they have not had the sense to attack that subtle form of propaganda, German language, literature, and science. Here is the instance that has revealed the blind carelessness of the British as they walk on the very edge of the precipice: I have just received from a second-hand book-dealer in London a catalogue containing at least fifty German titles. Occasionally, it is true, there is a clever note belittling this or that work, but that is mere dust in our eyes to conceal such roundly appreciative phrases as "beautiful heliogravures," "handsomely bound," "the most beautiful work on the subject ever published," and the like. What, in Heaven's name, can we do about it? We are doing our most efficient "bit" by changing German names of our towns, sequestrating German books in our public libraries, suppressing German-American newspapers, stamping the teaching of the vile language out of our schools and colleges—only to find this sort of thing among our allies! Can't we send a commission to teach these Englishmen what risks they are running? Incidentally such a delegation would be a strong object-lesson of American thoroughness and orderliness. It might be—who knows?—the first step towards the reform of that muddle-headed institution known as Parliament into something more nearly resembling our business-like Congress.

DAVID T. POTTINGER

Cambridge, Mass., July 18

BOOKS

Germany and the War

Die Biologie des Krieges: Betrachtungen eines deutschen Naturforschers. Von Dr. Med. G. F. Nicolai, Professor der Physiologie an der Universität in Berlin. Druck und Verlag: Art. Institut Orell Füssli, Zürich.

THIS book, written in 1915 by a German for Germans and with reference to German conditions, ought for this reason to occupy an important place in contemporary war literature. In its first impulse it was a protest against the famous manifesto issued in the early days of October, 1914, and signed by ninety-three intellectuals, which set the world agog at the time and is one of the many instances of war psychosis to which all the belligerent nations have since contributed their share. The protest was to have taken the form of a counter-manifesto drawn up in conjunction with Professor Albert Einstein and Privy Councillor Wilhelm Foerster. This met with much friendly approval, but few courageous signers, and the project was abandoned. Thereupon Dr. Nicolai planned a course of lectures for the summer semester of the University in Berlin, but before he could deliver them he was made safe for autocracy behind the walls of the fortress of Graudenz. Then his message to all those whose life ideals had been shattered by the great war went out into the world between the covers of a book.

The wealth of material between these covers baffles the reviewer, for Dr. Nicolai approaches his subject from all sides, as a scientist, an historian, a philosopher, and a humanitarian. This alone would hardly recommend the book in these times of depreciated German thoroughness, but the splendid humanitarian and cosmopolitan spirit, the faith in democracy, and the "triumphant certainty" of the perfectibility of the human race with which Dr. Nicolai would sustain and guide all good people in this darkest hour of the world make every passage important.

The cataclysmic character of the world war has given fresh currency to the scientific analogies with which war apologists explain and accept this time-honored institution. The scientist Nicolai makes short work of all of them and comes to the conclusion that there can be no analogy between war and the struggle for existence in the Darwinian sense; that one is a struggle against, the other for, life; that the struggle for existence, for reasoning beings, must consist only in the concentrated effort to bring greater sources of energy into the service of mankind and must be carried on on the intellectual plane; that war is an act of human

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volition and does not belong in the same category of natural phenomena as earthquakes.

The virtues which war is said to foster and perpetuate, says Dr. Nicolai, are relative virtues that under certain conditions become vices, as loyalty to a bad cause and solidarity among small groups that hinders the growth of human solidarity. The only virtues that admit of no relativity, love and truthfulness, are significantly wanting in the enumeration of war virtues, and we have daily proof that war is a training school for hatred and untruthfulness.

In the chapter on Prussian militarism, Dr. Nicolai, tracing the evolution of the present German army from the popular institution of the Landwehr into an efficient and obedient instrument of aggression in the hands of the war lords, says: "That the Government willed and did this constitutes the shame of Prussian state militarism. That it attained its end shows that there existed also a popular Prussian militarism." In view of the fact that the permanent institution of universal military training is threatening our own country, this chapter is especially interesting and instructive.

From Dr. Nicolai's lofty international point of view all the hysterical outbursts of war-time loyalty and of exclusive and excessive war and hate-born patriotism are shrewdly contrived products of mass suggestion. It may be worth while to quote in full his reassuring words to the "thousand good Europeans"—to use Dostoievsky's expression—who, while all of belligerent Europe presented the spectacle of a stampede to follow the Piper, were spell-proof, and whose loyalty surpassed that of the inn, the counting-house, and the schoolroom:

> Perhaps a nation as a whole can commit any stupidity it likes. Perhaps it is one of the legitimate peculiarities of a crowd of people that feels itself a nation to put its feelings in the place of its reason with impunity.
>
> A dog may eat what he likes: he is only hindered by the lash or by a larger dog. It is possible that men, when they act in great masses, still occupy the standpoint of dogs and can let themselves go as long as they are not hindered by the larger cannon of their opponents.
>
> Why, then, this apparently bootless struggle? Why make yourself ridiculous and perhaps be thrown into prison?
>
> And yet there are men who, in spite of all these good reasons for apprehension, feel within themselves the necessity for courage; who consider it necessary that certain things be said and done even if they cannot deny that no immediate practical end is attained thereby; who would rather act foolishly than dishonorably. They feel within themselves the right and the duty *to confess and to defend their peculiarity.*

Perhaps nothing in the book claims our respect for the author's catholicity and courage more than his analysis of the German mind and character. We all know the claims made for German *Kultur* and the sinister double meaning it has acquired since the war. And we have not forgotten our resentment at the extravagant claims of superiority in every field of human achievement put forward by many German megalomaniacs at the beginning of the war, although we now recognize these manifestations as largely the ill-advised zeal of a people defending their wounded pride against the world's judgment of the actions of their war lords. A drop of compassion may even be added to our resentment by Dr. Nicolai's interpretation. That power of adaptation which their enemies interpret in a way to belittle all German achievements he proudly acknowledges to be the genius of the German people. Through it, he holds, they are the truest natural cosmopolites. Their culture is deep and splendid and original just because it is not autochthonal, but includes the whole world. Had Germany continued in this sort of comprehensive development—as a sort of clearing-house for world culture—the future of Europe would have been placed in her hands. But she, too, possessed the defects of her virtues. By overreaching herself and emulating the imperial and colonial aspirations of other nations, that is, by adopting foreign vices as well as foreign virtues, she sacrificed her own national peculiarities and threw away her best weapon.

How German militarism and the complete subjection of the people to the state can exist side by side with an innate love of liberty and freedom of thought is explained by a dualism in the German mind, for which Kant's philosophy is held directly responsible. Thus we find on the one hand *Realpolitik*, on the other philosophical idealism, and Germany "dreams of a moral world based on the idealism of a Kant, and acts in a world of sense and practices *Realpolitik* after the manner of a Bismarck." Through preoccupation with the intellectual freedom of the philosopher the sense for simple civic liberty in the real world was lost. "The German became in practice unfree and brutal. In its *thought-world* Germany remained the freest—and proudly we may say it—the most humane country."

This last statement sounds preposterous, at this juncture, outside of Germany. But Dr. Nicolai explains that this freedom of the thought-world (we would say of the imagination) degenerated because it was boundless. Germany became the land of the absolute and thought it had found the formula according to which men could be made free, happy, and wise even against their will. "Be my brother or I shall crack your skull," is the recipe after which the German expects to redeem the world, and he bursts forth quite naïvely with cannon and bombs, and even prepares for this emergency as seriously as for the most important business of his life. The most deplorable part of it is that Germany, having become great and rich by force, is indirectly compelling the rest of the world to organize after her own pattern.

Keenly as Dr. Nicolai realizes Germany's deep degradation, he does not despair, but sees hope and has faith in a new morality. No other nation on earth has developed two such divergent possibilities as are expressed in her philosophy and her statecraft and has in consequence suffered such a moral collapse in this war as Germany. English utilitarian morality, on the other hand, has shown itself in practice superior to the categorical imperative. Dr. Nicolai would therefore restore the lost harmony of the national character by a new synthesis, by a mundane morality which he would call "realistic idealism." To avoid the pitfalls of the old religions and philosophy this new guide to ethical conduct must be absolute yet changeable, superhuman and yet human, real and yet ideal. All these requirements are fulfilled in the conception of humanity as an organism.

In our age of communication, by which Dr. Nicolai means not only commerce, postal and railroad service, but everything that draws man to man, so that humanity, love, and intercommunication can be said to be identical expressions, mankind is dynamically developing into an ever more perfect organism. There are two factors, and only two, that hinder this development—war and crime. To combat war and crime, then, to keep our faith in human perfectibility, in the hourly and daily becoming superman, is morality in the Nicolaian sense. So great is his faith even in the Ger-

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man people that he can exclaim—when such a thing, realistic idealism, has become an actuality—"then will Germany —this *terra nebulosa* where after all the sun can shine with such wonderful clearness—*per aspera ad astra* have fulfilled its mission, which is not to sell calico to Bagdad, but to bring peace to the world."

When the spirit which animates many individual Germans besides Dr. Nicolai shall prevail, this will no longer sound paradoxical. The present discouraging state of the world's affairs rather bears out Dr. Nicolai's contention that humanity is an organism. The dynamic forces now at work are the poison germs of hate and greed, and the entire organism is sick unto death. But it has Promethean life, and the eagles of war are powerless against it. To instil this forward looking optimism into its readers is the mission of the book.

"The Father of All the Yankees"

Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed: A Biographical and Critical Study based mainly on his own Writings. By William Cabell Bruce. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net the set.

THE thousand-dollar prize for "the best biography of the year [1917] teaching patriotic and unselfish service to the People," which Columbia University, under the provisions of the Joseph Pulitzer Foundation, has awarded to William Cabell Bruce's "Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed," will doubtless heighten the very considerable applause which the book had already won. For 1916 the prize went to the first authoritative biography of Julia Ward Howe; that the latest recipient should have been concerned with a man frequently made the subject of skilful biographers during a century and a half of great fame must seem a particular triumph, for in the very nature of the case Mr. Bruce could not, and does not, greatly increase our mere information regarding Franklin. Instead he set himself the task of making an interpretation which should exhibit Franklin's masterful variety on a scale hitherto unattempted. A reference in the Introduction to Paul Leicester Ford's essay "The Many-Sided Franklin" perhaps points to the germ of this larger undertaking, but Mr. Bruce has gone well beyond any debts he may have incurred. His modest and unobtrusive method partly disguises his erudition. Without any parade of authorities, however, he yet plainly commands them all; and his concordance-like familiarity with the whole body of Franklin's writings, including unpublished as well as published correspondence, both to and from Franklin, has made his work indispensable to all students and invaluable to general readers.

The book presents the life and character of Franklin under a dozen heads: Franklin's Moral Standing and System, Franklin's Religious Beliefs, Franklin the Philanthropist and Citizen, Franklin's Family Relations, Franklin's American Friends, Franklin's British Friends, Franklin's French Friends, Franklin's Personal Characteristics, Franklin as a Man of Business, Franklin as a Statesman, Franklin as a Man of Science, Franklin as a Writer. Naturally, the chapters differ greatly in bulk and somewhat in value: that on Franklin's statesmanship is more than twice as long as any other, and now and then drags; that on Franklin's business career of all the chapters adds least to the incomparable account already furnished in the "Autobiography"; that on his personal characteristics, briefest of the twelve, finds it hard not to say what is said, in one manner or other, eleven times besides. Naturally, too, the general plan almost compels repetition, which has at least not been avoided. The order of the chapters does not appear strictly justified, and Franklin is made to suffer a little, in the eyes of a reader who goes through the book from the beginning, by a tone of asperity, not to say prejudice, which appears in the first chapter. Admitting, as all will, that St. Francis, to quote Professor Sherman, "made chastity a more conspicuous jewel in his crown of virtues than did Dr. Franklin," we can still scarcely follow Mr. Bruce in an indictment wherein, perhaps without quite realizing it, he contrives to blame Franklin hardly so much for his sexual *errata* as for the fact that he loved his illegitimate son William and William's illegitimate son Temple seemingly as much as the children and grandchildren of Deborah Read. There is something hollow also in the author's language when he says that Franklin "would not only have been incapable of seducing female innocence but would have been slow to withhold in any regard the full meed of deferential respect due to a chaste girl or a virtuous matron." Does such an idiom still persist in Mr. Bruce's native Virginia? Of Franklin's religious beliefs he speaks more simply, assembling all the evidence necessary to prove how well Franklin understood the effects of religion in the world, how relatively little he felt its terrible mysteries. After the second chapter, once Franklin's spiritual deficiencies have been indicated and properly censured, his biographer draws closer to him and proceeds sensibly, learnedly, and flexibly to discuss the marvellous career for which even an unfriendly satirist could discover no sharper reproach than to call Franklin late in life a *caméléon octogénaire*.

Without perhaps bringing much new material to bear upon his subject, and without producing a notably new interpretation of Franklin's character or influence, Mr. Bruce has nevertheless rendered a very large, one might even say a Franklinian, service by making public and irrefragable the evidence for which we have hitherto had to rely upon Franklin specialists, all of whom, like his contemporaries, have fallen under his spell. The difficulty of a synthesis can hardly be overstated, for Franklin's achievements in business, in science, in philanthropy, in diplomacy, in statesmanship, in letters, are each such as to call for special knowledge, and no scholar is now master at first hand of them all. Such a synthesis had to wait until the twentieth century to be made, had to wait until masses of material could be collected, and particularly until Franklin's doings could be viewed by the light of their results. Few human beings need so much to be studied in the sequel, and almost none who as thoroughly as Franklin belonged to an age. The conviction may well increase that this provincial printer was after all the most representative figure of the eighteenth century. Voltaire and Montesquieu, Leibnitz and Lessing, Johnson and Burke, all fall short of Franklin's unfailing sagacity in affairs; Frederick the Great, Turgot, Chatham, Washington—not one of them could have written "Poor Richard" or the *bagatelles* with which Franklin enchanted the French court; Buffon was less diverse; and Goethe, multifarious as he was, had yet that vein of Teutonic folly which left its record in "Werther" and "Götz." As to the sequel of Franklin's activities, that must be studied everywhere in his native country and in the estimate of America which he established in Europe. How large his

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permanent impress was in the two continents we still—in spite of the testimony distributed through the pages of Mr. Bruce's noble book—need a deliberate study to reveal fully. In the meantime, Americans may remain cheerfully content to acknowledge Franklin, in Carlyle's words, as "The Father of all the Yankees," and to accept the French assertion, not too complimentarily meant, that the United States is *le pays de Franklin.*

Impressions of French Poets

French Literary Studies. By T. B. Rudmose-Brown. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

A RICHLY colored style, melodious and suggestive, is the outstanding feature of this volume. Professor at the University of Dublin, the author is not lacking in knowledge and penetration of his subject, but nothing could be less academic than his manner of approach. It is an impressionistic criticism that justifies itself by rising towards the level of the literature which it treats; it is an atmospheric mingling of the critical and the creative breath, a sympathetic interference in the personal records of poets from Ronsard to Verlaine.

Mr. Rudmose-Brown has an initial essay called "The Point of View," and here and elsewhere it is easy to perceive his likes and dislikes. The utilitarian and the didactic are suspect. "Art for art's sake" is an empty shibboleth; it should be "art for expression's sake," since the supreme compulsion on the poet is only to sing and "incidentally he makes beauty." Messages, mere sentimentalities and Utopias, the "howlings" of Rousseau and Diderot, are all proscribed. Evidently the writer shows prejudices and certain strange preferences, *e. g.*, for the Abbé Delille; the argument is sometimes contradictory, "circular," or too sweeping. The whole age of Louis XIV is viewed as "pettily didactic," and if Racine escaped, it was because he alone was a great individual poet. Individuality, indeed, as contrasted with mediæval anonymity, is made the keynote of the Renaissance, and so we have the abounding personality of a Ronsard.

The loves of the Pléiade and of the School of Lyons naturally fascinate this critic. We hear of the royal progress of Ronsard from the child Cassandre to the Hélène of his old age. We see the fusion of sacred and profane love in Maurice de Scève and the predominance of the pagan variety in the ardors of Louise Labé. Passing over into the eighteenth century—that of Fragonard and Parny, of Le Nôtre and the Abbé Delille—we are present at four stately scenes staged at Versailles, where light *marquises* trip it on red heels and the beribboned shepherd's crook lends its note of absurd knowing simplicity. Even in latter-day Leconte de Lisle, Mr. Rudmose-Brown will not contemplate the wearied thinker nor the impassive painter of animals and the secular procession of the creeds; the elegiac and early emotional side is preferred. Such are, of course, the elements emphasized (partly by a collaborator of the author) in the study of Paul Verlaine, that "perverted Pierrot," that child haunted by the two nostalgias for the clay and for the sky. Finally, the two American-born French poets, Stuart Merrill and Vielé-Griffin, are rendered still more impressionistically, mainly from the standpoint of personal friendship. The former has his Apologia as a Decadent, poetically speaking, and particularly as a deliberate vagabond out of tune with the times. The latter, through a form vibrant with the passionate life of the Midi, pursues a spiritual gleam, the flying feet of his visionary russet eternal Helen. The persuasive beauty of these appreciations may be illustrated by this passage concerning the ultra-moderns:

> The throb of reality is beneath the various garments of their thought; the wind of life blows free behind the arras of their verse, and all, and many others with them, have shaken free from the trappings of death and despair the gorgeous or the wistful or the burning burden of their song.

As Woman Sees Him

He Who Breaks. By Inna Demens. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

The Point of View. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. New York: Duffield & Company.

First the Blade. A Comedy of Growth. By Clemence Dane. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Caste Three. By Gertrude M. Shields. New York: The Century Company.

THREE of these novels by women deal deprecatingly but worshipfully with the male; the fourth gently mocks at him. "The Point of View" and "He Who Breaks" are consciously emancipated in matter and sophisticated in manner, but they reflect the ancient and simple-hearted admiration of the grown girl, woman, for the horrid, fascinating boy, man. A yet deeper feminine mystery is involved in their preoccupation, not with the normal healthy child-man or manly child, but with that flabby egotistical fellow with the temperament, whose own sex so comfortably disposes of him by writing him down an ass. What more obstinate barrier between woman and her mate than her inability to recognize an ass or a bounder when she sees him?

The Theodore Biran of "He Who Breaks" is an object of solicitude for a new writer who is mistress of a mannerly and often expressive style. It is the drawing-room style derived or developed from Henry James by so considerable a number of women novelists of the twentieth century. "From his corner of vantage whence at will he could escape into the next room, Theodore Biran thanked his good star that the renown of his name served to protect him from more than a tentative smile when by chance he crossed glances with one or another of the favored few who had been named to him in the moment before the opening number of the musical programme." Thus gracefully we are led into the presence of Theodore, and with this fastidious air we are to accompany him on his rather dingy, not to say paltry, journey. For Biran, divested of the sentimental glamour with which his chronicler's assiduity surrounds him, and regarded from a stern masculine point of view, is both ass and bounder. A great sculptor, we are told, and a great fellow with the women—his genius needs them now and then. Visiting an old friend, a musician, he is taken with the personality of a girl-pupil, who promises much as a violinist. Quite coolly and methodically he gets her to the city, makes her his mistress, uses her, and tires of her. In the name of art, therefore, he switches her back to her "career." He has virtually deserted her when he learns that she is to bear him a child. Then he proposes, not without a tincture of decent feeling, to give her his name—to make an honest woman of her, as the Victorians used to say. She, being by no means a Victorian, refuses. She still loves him

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consumedly, but she sees that there would be no happiness for them in a permanent and formal relation. Moreover, he has offended her very modern consciousness of independence: "You would have sacrificed me to my career. I was happy, and you would have taken happiness from me to give me a career—something I did not want. Now—you would sacrifice my career—to my child." Of course, Biran wants her greatly as soon as he discovers that she is not to be had. We leave him still fussing and fiddling with his emotions and his æsthetic quiddities.

Mark Jayne in "The Point of View" is of similar type, equally admired and still more insufferable. He is a New Englander of sound old stock who has broken from family tradition to become an æsthete, a man of the world, and a distinguished critic. He also has learned to be languidly a devil with the ladies. Most of his early middle years have been spent abroad. It is at a foreign dinner-table, where the chat is of adultery and other timely matters, that he meets a compatriot and old playmate. Sapphira Myles (now Dangler and a widow) is of the same stern Yankee countryside, altogether "a Myles" as Mark is altogether "a Jayne," and, like him, thoroughly proud of it, for all her cosmopolitan sophistication. Mark is attracted to her, and settles himself for conquest. The main campaign is fought in their old home in America, to which they return, apparently, for the very purpose. Sapphira is supposed not to be a fool, she can be immensely witty and subtle, but, after all, she is easy game for Mark. For he is the dominant male, the cynical tyrant, as she, beneath her accomplished surface, is the primitive, enslaved female of her species. A caveman with a monocle, delightful to the fancy of woman, and to the eye of man a bounder and an ass! He, also, feels the discipline of the hand that loves him; for in the end when, after a love fiasco in the Middle West, he is disposed to take Sapphira and have done with it, she is denied him. We leave him cackling in feeble self-derision (gallant to the last!) "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" The sound idea in the book seems to be that the Marks and Sapphiras cannot, with all their sophistication, escape their traditions and their forebears. And there is a Middle-Western girl against whom Mark's elaborate fatuity breaks harmless. But why bother us with Mark?

"First the Blade" somewhat varies the accepted formula. It is yet another story of the subjection by love of a richly endowed female subjected by love to a carelessly possessive male. Laura, like Elsa in "He Who Breaks," is a musician on the verge of a great career who exults in giving up everything in order to be at the disposal of the god of her worship. Justin is not an artist, but a collector (chiefly of birds' eggs), and for the rest a modern Rochester. He is the type of English gentleman to whom English fiction has given dreadful verisimilitude, the worthy with the public-school manner and no manners. Justin's favorite remark to his womenfolk, especially Laura, is "Dry up!" But as a child she has given him her heart, and she is helpless before his image. Her grovelling can be endured only by such observers as see in Justin the real materials of decent manhood. Perhaps they are present; but to the end we pretty much have to take the chronicler's word—or assumption—for it. But for the war, we have no cause to suppose that he would have even half-waked to a consciousness of his asininity and caddishness. He is only half-awake when we part with him—Laura glowing with pride and hope at the stupendous miracle. Laura's portrait is drawn with the affectionate insight this writer displayed in "Regiment of Women." But why bother with Justin?

"Caste Three" is less skilfully constructed as a novel than any of these. Its action is slight and dilatory, its dialogue often scattering and inconsequential, so far as the action is concerned. There is no denying that as a story it drags. But as a bit of social satire and portraiture—a series, if one chooses, of witty and cumulative essays on current society and letters—it is uncommonly good. As a study of youth by youth (for the author is still very young), it is still more remarkable. Hewitt Stevenson is a searching, humorous portrait of the young American at the parting of the ways, with free manhood on the one side and prosperous citizenship on the other. The little city of Alston, Indiana, is his crossroads. His father has settled there during Hewitt's time of schooling in Chicago. The boy arrives as for a visit, expecting to enter the University of Chicago in the autumn. He finds he must earn the means, and enters a local book-store. He is a clever lad, well-read in the moderns, and vaguely aspiring towards the stars of world-wide experience and literary fame. But Alston takes hold of him. It is a town of relative achievements and absolute complacencies, full of nice, dull, decent people, who all agree, within their orders, to want the same things and worship the same deities. Orders differ, of course; young Hewitt is not long in collating them: "There are three separate castes in Alston," he reflects in one of his clear moments. "There are the workers, toilers, who don't count with others. There are the respectable, public-spirited, good people, who run the churches and obey the social laws and have some ideals which they cling to stubbornly—also an enormous number of prejudices. And there are the society devotees, who set the pace and attempt to distinguish themselves from the lower and harder strata by following out an order of procedure radically expensive and wasteful, impossible of correct imitation by the masses." Alas, our Hewitt is already in the toils of a maiden of high degree. Slowly his aspirations are smothered in the comfortable atmosphere breathed by "caste three." He gives up thought of the University, of fame, of an intelligent part in the life of his country and of the world. A partnership in the bookstore, marriage with a girl of the right set (not his first charmer), success, respectability—these are his fate. Only at the author's last word does one comprehend how passionately she resents this acquiescence, how fiercely she exalts the banner of youth on its high quest. "Hewitt, the hugger of the shore, was safe in the harbor of the commonplace. . . . His jelly-fish soul was become of a pink prettiness that suited the town's taste."

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Notes

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY announce for immediate publication Ernest J. B. Benn's "The Trade of To-morrow." Early in August they will publish "A Village in Picardy," by Ruth Gaines.

Henry Holt & Company will issue on August 22: "You're Only Young Once" and "The Old Road to Paradise," by Margaret Widdemer; "The Fourteenth of July and Danton," by Romain Rolland; "Strayed Revellers," by Allan Updegraff; "The Dogs of Boytown," by Walter A. Dyer.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the immediate publication of the American copyright edition of "The Devastation of Europe," by Dr. Wilhelm Muehlon.

The Four Seas Company are publishing this month "Jevons Block," by Kate Buss.

ANOTHER book which makes increasingly clear the necessity of reckoning with the mediæval inheritance of Elizabethan literature is the very excellent edition of Lyly's "Euphues," with notes by Harry Clemons and an introduction by Professor Morris William Croll (Dutton). Both tasks are well discharged. Professor Croll's introduction argues the important thesis that the Euphuistic rhetoric, usually regarded as one aspect of the humanistic imitation of classical literature, is really based on the word-schemes of the mediæval rhetoric. It is to the mechanical and insistent artifices of mediæval Latin that the courtly writers naturally turned in the effort to ornament the vernacular. The problem is complex; mediæval and humanistic examples, instead of opposing, often reinforce each other; many threads go to the spinning of the Euphuistic web, but a genuine service has been rendered in thus tracing an important one which leads back to the Middle Ages. Before the matter is wholly cleared up, much must be done to make this mediæval rhetoric more familiar to scholars, and to reëmphasize the ways in which mediæval tradition maintained its vitality in England throughout the period commonly known as the Renaissance. In the end it is to be hoped that Professor Croll's contention will meet in the main with acceptance. By an odd slip Bacon's father, Sir Nicholas, masquerades under the rebellious name of Nathaniel (p. xx).

WHAT induced Mr. James H. Hyslop to write a foreword to "Great Ghost Stories" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net), selected by Mr. Joseph Lewis French, can only darkly be guessed. A very few specimens, like Quiller-Couch's "The Roll-Call of the Reef" or that masterful narrative of "The Withered Arm," by Thomas Hardy, would furnish interesting material for discussion of psychic problems, but for such a purpose the book includes too few recent authors. Even in this field the choice of stories seems not infallible. Surely from Fiona Macleod, for example, "The Dan-nan-ron" is a more powerful story than the selection here, "Green Branches," and built on a more interesting phase of the supernatural. But most of the specimens are taken from Hoffman and those who followed in his wake. They are often amusing to-day, as, for instance, "The House and the Brain," by Bulwer-Lytton, with its chemical explanation of the most extraordinary marvels. For the less finicky reader who enjoys a thrill, these wonders of yester-year will serve to pass an idle hour.

IN the year 1857 Fra Benigno Bibolotti, an Italian Franciscan, was sent by his order to serve as missionary among the Moseteno Indians of Bolivia. His first task was to learn the tongue of his savage parishioners, and in doing so he constructed a vocabulary of their dialect and translated into Moseteno certain prayers and sermons. His manuscripts were recently acquired by Northwestern University through the energy of that institution's librarian, Mr. Walter Lichtenstein. With Bibolotti's work as a basis, Mr. Rudolph Schuller has constructed a grammar of the speech of this Andes tribe, entitled "Moseteno Vocabulary and Treatises" (Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University; $2.50 net). All such attempts to record aboriginal dialects, so soon to become extinct, deserve praise. Mr. Schuller's labors will interest anthropologists and comparative philologists. As he has worked it out, Moseteno seems to be a language singularly regular and simple in inflection. This may be due to the fact that the grammar is based upon a single, uncontrolled source. One recalls the simplicity of Gothic, based almost entirely upon the writings of Ulfilas, as contrasted with the apparently greater complexity of Old High German, for which the sources utilized are more numerous. The present results should be controlled by some observer of the Moseteno speech as spoken to-day; and comparison with the dialects spoken by adjacent tribes would be interesting. One may well doubt the accuracy of the transcriptions of native sounds when set down by one who, like Bibolotti, had no training in phonetics, above all when the medium of transcription is Spanish, which is more limited than most languages in the number of its sounds, both vocalic and consonantal. But we should not find fault with this ray of light, however feeble, which falls where previously there was only darkness.

THE San Francisco Palace of the Fine Arts, built of lasting materials for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, is at present under the management of the Art Association of San Francisco. To this beautiful and already famous structure Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst has lent the greater part of her art collections; they were installed by Mr. J. Nilson Laurvik, and a catalogue has been issued with some four-score illustrations, including two plates in colors, and articles from experts in various branches of the arts (San Francisco Art Association; $1). Mrs. Hearst's treasures are of the kind well fitted to engage the attention of the public, for they are strong in Oriental rugs, which from time out of mind—one may safely say from prehistoric days—have enchanted Occidental peoples with their symbolical figures of man and beast, their sombre or brilliant designs varying through the ages, their sumptuous or austere colors. Notable is the tapestry section, and that devoted to woven fabrics in general—which by itself forms a little museum of examples very useful for weavers who wish to see what the Orientals and Europeans have done of old in artistic textiles. In this gallery are specimens of needlework from a score of countries and samples of printed and dyed fabrics from China, Japan, India, and the Eastern islands. The textile section has been catalogued by R. Meyer-Riefstahl, lecturer and writer on the weaving arts for many French, English, and German periodicals. He furnishes a very interesting general yet brief introduction to this portion of Mrs. Hearst's collections. The rugs, with a bibliography, are treated by Professor Arthur Upham Pope, of the University of California. He supplies an introduction of twen-

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ty-five pages, and in the descriptive notices of the seventy-five exhibits has a good deal to say about the colors of the carpets in order to supplement the half-tone illustrations in black and white. Bold but interesting theories championed by Professor Pope will interest lovers of rugs, particularly what he has to say in his introduction about rugs "as expressive of racial character and experience." He has supplied a very useful map of the rug-producing districts of Western Asia made specially for this collection. There are in the United States collections that contain rarer and more costly rugs, but perhaps none so well suited for a general survey of the field, so instructive for the student of woven work. The tapestries are catalogued and reviewed by Miss Phyllis Ackerman, of the University of California, while the paintings and miniatures, the drawings, etchings, and engravings, the furniture and *objets d'art*, which include Phœnician, Syrian, European, and American glass, are noticed by Mr. Laurvik. The volume is notable for the condensed information it contains, and should have a wide circle of readers. It is a little book of reference in its way, and, through the bibliography and index appended, forms a valuable manual for the library.

PERSONAL accounts of the war justify Anatole France's theory that every creature, however small, thinks himself at the centre of the world. Yet these accounts are not to be condemned for a spirit of vainglory—of which there is, indeed, but little—but simply for the obvious and natural limitation of a single view. To be sure, some, like Mr. Preston Gibson, author of "Battering the Boche" (Century; $1 net), do a little ambulance work and win a medal and are forthwith competent to tell how the war should be won and to retail second-hand statistics and broad generalizations as their own. Mr. Stuart Walcott's "Above the French Lines" (Princeton University Press; $1 net) tells of one aviator and of many useless and trivial details of training—but nothing of fighting. On the other hand, Mr. Edgar C. Middleton's "Glorious Exploits of the Air" (Appleton; $1.35 net), by a fighting flier and an established authority on aviation, gives from many sources a conception in detail of what the aeroplanes are doing in all parts of the war: searching for submarines, bombing depots, directing artillery fire, maintaining liaison with infantry, firing on moving columns of enemy reserves, attacking Zeppelins. The flier has told not only his own story, but, from the facts, the story of all aviators. Mr. Arthur Mack's "Shellproof Mack" (Small, Maynard; $1.35 net) and Mr. Boyd Cable's "Front Lines" (Dutton; $1.50 net) may be looked at together. One is by a soldier; the other by a novelist. One is a personal account of experiences on more than one sector. The other is a "write-up" by a skilled author. In a few cases "Shellproof Mack" tells exactly how it was done at a particular time and place; but why should we have to read all about his earlier life? These personal accounts are apt to be depressing on account of the horrors enumerated—which the authors are gleeful to have escaped. The cheerfulness depicted by Mr. Cable is quite a different thing, and the variety of subjects treated makes his account worth while. Mr. Frederic Coleman's "Our Boys Over There" (Doran; 50 cents net), gossipy, chatty, and "slapped together" as it is, yet has many wholesome lessons on how the game should be played. Mr. Edward Liveing's "Attack" (Macmillan; 75 cents) is a splendid psychological study of the assault, almost worthy of comparison with a chapter from "The Red Badge of Courage." Mr. R. H. Knyvett's "Over There with the Australians" (Scribner; $1.50 net) is an inspiring account of the dashing colonials on the way, among the Egyptians, at Gallipoli, and in the trenches; teeming with hints on tactics and thrilling with the pulse of the great Commonwealth. Mr. Gerald B. Hurst's modest history of a regiment, "With Manchesters in the East" (Longmans, Green; 90 cents), is written by a higher commander who seldom mentions himself and never his rank. Mr. Edward E. Hunt's "Tales from a Famished Land" (Doubleday, Page; $1.25 net), stories some of which are true, some partly true, and some wholly fantastic, reveals the heart of tortured Belgium.

WE cannot help thinking that Dr. Benjamin B. Warfield, in "Counterfeit Miracles" (Scribner; $2 net), has been hampered by his denominational training, which leads him, for example, to assume on slender evidence, but in consonance with the accepted view of his sect, that true miracles scarcely survived the Apostolic age. So much being postulated, the temptation is obvious to damn all alleged miracles said to have occurred outside the prescribed period as pure inventions or not miracles in the true sense. The subject of his research resembles, in many ways, that of the modern Spiritualists, but he differs from the Spiritualists in his definition of the Supernatural. For him a supernatural occurrence is one in which the finger of God intervenes to change the ordinary processes of nature; the Spiritualists apply the term to occurrences involving the intervention of a disembodied being. Nevertheless, it might seem that he and the Spiritualists would be able to travel a long way together. That they do not is, we think, owing in a measure to the narrowness of Dr. Warfield's speculative outlook to which we have alluded. It is with a rather fatuous dogmatism that our lecturer admits that the evidence for miracles in the first three centuries of our era is small indeed when compared with that of the succeeding centuries. Of the cloud of witnesses for the latter he says: "They are the outstanding scholars, theologians, preachers, organizers of the age." And he names Jerome, Gregory of Byssa, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Augustine. Liars all, he would have us believe, or deluded. The modern Spiritualist points to his own cloud of witnesses and defies us to suspect them all of fraud or delusion—such are Crookes, Wallace, Flammarion, Lodge, Barrett, Lombroso, Stead, and the late Archdeacon Wilberforce, and a host of others. Here and there the *odium theologicum* crops up rather unpleasantly.

THE oldest institution of its kind in the world, the Chamber of Commerce of New York, completed a century and a half of existence last April; and a history of its career by Joseph Bucklin Bishop has been published with the title "A Chronicle of One Hundred and Fifty Years" (Scribner; $5). Governor Cadwallader Colden remarked, in approving the request for a royal charter, that he thought it a good institution, and deemed it a peculiar happiness that under him a society so beneficial to the Province was to be incorporated. His opinion of its possibilities has been justified. Mr. Bishop pays special attention to its quasi-political activities. Loyalist in sympathy during the Revolution, it was revived as a patriot body in 1784. It took an early stand for sound money and for the Continental impost; it approved Jay's treaty; and in general it grew to be a sturdy champion of the commer-

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cial interests of the middle seaboard. As such, it was not many years till it had swung to an advocacy of protective tariffs. Before the Civil War it agitated against privateering, and afterwards it was indefatigable in demanding stern action in the Alabama case. It was largely responsible in 1871 for the organization of the Committee of Seventy, which conducted the campaign of that year ending in the overthrow of the Tweed-Tammany ring; and later it was an active agent in obtaining rapid transit facilities for the metropolis. In charities the Chamber has been energetic, and Mr. Bishop computes that between 1793, when it succored many refugees from Santo Domingo, and last year, when it sent $5,000 to Halifax, it raised more than $3,000,000 for charitable purposes. Its hospitable banquets are also allotted much space by Mr. Bishop, who quotes from the utterances of Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Morley, Goldwin Smith, John Hay, W. E. Curtis, and Joseph Choate on notable occasions. The reader will regret that he gives no account of the influence of this pioneer body upon the establishment or work of similar American Chambers. He will also suspect that Mr. Bishop has neglected, in the minutes of its routine activities, matter that would throw much interesting light upon economic problems and conditions.

THE reading of a catalogue of sportsman's goods is usually the only needed incentive for the professional camper to get under weigh. But Warren H. Miller has produced an appetizer of even more flavor than a catalogue in "Camping Out" (Doran; $1.50 net). Turning its pages, one already feels the tug of the tump-line and the spurt of the canoe under the paddle stroke. Camping kits and outfits are described so minutely and enticingly that they seem household necessities. From his wide experience Mr. Miller can advise campers of all degrees, from the solitary aristocratic hiker who packs his own duffle to the plebeian camper *de luxe* who goes by automobile and trailer. The old-fashioned camper, who takes to the woods as a matter of course, without the distinction of regalia, may not care for such a complication of conveniences, but the tenderfoot may well profit by the diagrams for tents, the directions for camp stores, and the recipes for mulligan. Happily the tribe of campers is on the increase.

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Drama

Four Satirical Comedies

OF the making of many books there is no end; and the number of plays that are written every year remains a secret between God and the theatrical managers. The million has of late taken to writing its own plays, to make sure of being pleased; and since Bernard Shaw began printing his dramas and made a *succès fou* of the experiment, publishers have been only too willing to abet the dramatist in the joyous adventure of flooding the market with all sorts and conditions of plays. The belief that literature and the drama are benefited by these excursions into print seems over-optimistic when one has read many pallid mediocrities. A play *manqué* is as distressing as a mediocre egg.

Of the dozens of plays that have recently appeared in book form, four, from four different countries, are satirical comedies, though one begins with a death and another ends with a suicide. The Belgian play satirizes sham religion, the French sham art, the English sham drama, and the American sham marriage; and though comparisons be odorous, the Belgian unquestionably deserves first place. A genuine achievement in its own *genre* is Maurice Maeterlinck's one-act comedy, "The Miracle of Saint Anthony" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net), translated by Alexander T. de Mattos. It is that rare thing in modern times, a robust satire endowed with spiritual grace, of which we seem to have lost the secret. The author, not usually remarkable for his humor—though one cannot forget the naïve touches that make "The Blue Bird" a delight—here offers a satire, as broad as it is mellow, of the contrasting attitudes of rich and poor towards spiritual things. The insight into human nature is richly penetrating. There is the quintessence of irony in the story of the Saint who comes to raise the dead Mademoiselle Hortense in answer to the prayers of her faithful drudge Virginie and who is roundly berated as a dirty tramp by the resurrected corpse, treated as a madman by her smug, bourgeois family, and led off by the police for practicing medicine without a license. Only the old servant believes in him and talks to him with friendly familiarity, and our author clearly conveys his faith that the poor, retaining the simple virtues of kindness and human fellowship, are nearer the saints than are the prosperous shop-keepers. The characters, though slight, are firmly outlined. There is none of the vagueness of the earlier symbolic plays, none of the mystic questioning that makes "The Blue Bird" and "The Intruder" poignantly spiritual. The play is distinctively Flemish in its modern setting, its physical realism, its characters of the earth earthy. Though now printed for the first time, it successfully met the test of the stage in 1915, when it was produced by the Washington Square Players of New York; and it must be counted a gain that it can now be read by lovers of the drama.

"Artists' Families" (Doubleday, Page; 75 cents net), as Eugène Brieux's "Ménages d'Artistes" is called in the English version, is a welcome addition to the Drama League Series of Plays. In his earlier plays Brieux is less the pamphleteer than in many of his later works, where his reforming instincts outstrip his dramatic achievement. But though characters, plot, and action are here not sacrificed to a thesis, Brieux still points his moral and directs the shafts of his satire at the pseudo-literary and artistic cir-

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cles that flourish eternally in great cities. The author paints this false Bohemia with its *poseurs* and wasters against a bourgeois setting, while his theme points the danger of making pose the chief aim of existence. It is the same theme that Gilbert treated farcically in "Patience," Schnitzler ironically in "Literature" and "The Big Scene."

Brieux's *ménage à trois*, with its literary vampire, Emma Vernier, disrupting the Tervaux household, recalls inevitably Hauptmann's "Einsame Menschen"; but Emma is a far more egotistic, sophisticated, less human Egeria than the Russian student who brought death and division to Hauptmann's middle-class purgatory. The scenes picturing the tragedy of the two wives married to second-rate artistic temperaments are particularly effective, and the reader will appreciate the justice of Louise's dry remark, "It's not amusing to be an artist's wife," as well as of poor Divoire's extenuating plea: "An artist is just a big child. You must be indulgent with him." The final scene, with its theatrical mechanism and its forced pathos, is as unconvincing as Tervaux's suicide, an evidence of the dramatist's technical inexperience.

"The Harlequinade," called "an excursion" by its authors, Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker, is a curious nondescript, half fantasy, half satire, in the form of a play within a play (Little, Brown; $1.25 net). The five episodes, explained by a modern Alice in playland, show Columbine, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and their fellows from the days of the Greek gods through the harlequinade of the Middle Ages and the eighteenth-century comedy of manners to the machine-made drama of the day after to-morrow, under varying names, but ever the same. The underlying idea—the growth of the soul struggling always to be free—is rather obscured by the outer form, but the fashions in drama are entertainingly satirized, especially in the fifteenth-century dumb-show and the artificial comedy of the eighteenth century. The little play has graceful and whimsical episodes, and would seem eminently adapted to amateur actors conscious of intellectual superiority, for it is, itself, somewhat "precious" and self-conscious. It just misses the mark—a fatal thing in fantasy.

Sydney Smith's caustic query, "Who goes to see an American play?" was answered by many thousands last winter in the case of Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's "Why Marry?" the play that has just won the Pulitzer prize at Columbia University as the best American play of the year. Plays have their destinies like human beings, and it is amusing to recall that when this one was first published in 1914 with the title "And So They Were Married," few read it, and no manager could be found to produce it. Four years later it became the success of a season, won a prize, and now appears in a new edition, with its stage name (Scribner; $1.50 net). With its agreeable setting, its well-bred but essentially vulgar-souled people, its clever talk, its evasion of seriousness in treating a serious theme, "Why Marry?" is undoubtedly a characteristic American play in a certain sense. But with all the brilliancy there is a fundamental lack of sincerity, a tendency to meet facts by twisting words—and this, we trust, is not American, in the best sense. The critical reader will get as much pleasure from reading between the lines as from Mr. Williams's witty lines themselves on that dangerous theme, modern matrimony.

M. C. D.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Comfort, W. L. The Hive. Doran. $1.50 net.
Hart, W. M. Kipling the Story-Writer. University of California Press.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Volume XXIX. Harvard University Press.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Hunt, E. M. Chimes and Humoresques. New York: The Quill. 50 cents.

FICTION

Barry, A. S. The Little Girl Who Couldn't-Get-Over-It. Dutton. $1.50 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Harvard Travellers Club. Handbook of Travel. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Eybers, G. W. Select Constitutional Documents Illustrating South African History. 1795-1910. Dutton. $9 net.
Hollings, M. A. The Life of Sir Colin G. Scott-Moncrieff. London: John Murray.
Johnston, R. M. General Foch. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Phillimore, W. G. F. Three Centuries of Treaties of Peace and Their Teaching. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

The Mythology of All Races. Vol. III. Celtic, J. A. MacCulloch. Slavic, J. Máchal. Boston: Marshall Jones.

THE WAR

Tilden, F. Khaki. Macmillan. $1.25.
Gibbs, P. From Bapaume to Passchendaele. Doran. $2.50 net.
McMinnies, W. G. Practical Flying. Doran. $1.50 net.

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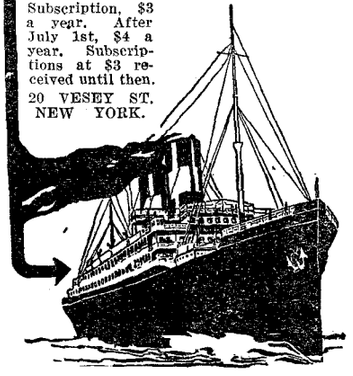

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Summary of the News

THE Allied counter-offensive on the Marne, begun on July 18 by Gen. Foch with French and American forces, has been proceeding favorably, although at a slower pace than during its first four days. For several days, from July 23 to 27, the German resistance grew stronger and their counter-attacks more frequent. But at this writing, on July 29, the Franco-American forces have fought their way across the Ourcq, and advance forces have penetrated into Fère-en-Tardenois, an important German base of supplies during this fifth offensive of 1918. The enemy troops in the Soissons-Rheims salient are retreating northward, and it now seems as though this retreat will be on a larger scale than was expected.

HARD fighting has gone on steadily along the Soissons-Rheims salient, especially between the Ourcq and the Marne. On July 23 the Germans recaptured the villages of Epieds and Trugny-Epieds, only to lose them on July 24 to American troops that pushed on beyond, more than a mile to the northeast. By July 25 both sides of the Marne salient had been driven in so that the mouth of the salient was only about twenty miles wide, and the district between was under cross-fire of the Allied guns. Infantry fighting ceased while the French and Americans pounded away at the German lines of communication at Fère-en-Tardenois and beyond, the more effectively because they had captured Oulchy-le-Château and Villemontoire earlier in the week. East of Rheims Gen. Gouraud reoccupied most of the ground taken by the enemy in the first rush of his offensive on July 15, and captured 1,100 prisoners. By July 26 the Germans had lost practically all the ground captured in their onset, and on July 27 were in full retreat from the Marne toward the Ourcq along a twenty-four-mile line reaching from south of Fère to the northern edge of the Forest of De Riz, north of Charmel. The Allied forces had pushed their front forward to new positions more than ten miles northeast of Château-Thierry. On July 28 the Allies had advanced beyond the Ourcq, gaining five miles and taking several towns. On the right flank of the salient they had reached Ville-en-Tardenois and seized almost the entire road running from Dormans to Rheims. One important result of the Allies' victory is that they can again put the Paris-Châlons railroad line in operation. About 30,000 prisoners had been captured up to July 29.

THE Russian situation, according to a speech reported to have been made by Premier Lenine at Moscow before a Government conference of factory committees, has become acute because of international complications, counter-revolutionary plots, and the food crisis. The international complications are centred in Siberia and in the Murman region. The negotiations between the United States, Japan, and the other Allies concerning a plan of action to protect the interests of the Allies in Siberia have not yet been announced, but it is known that it involves the employment of troops from Japan and the United States only. The basis of the plan is to extend help to the Czecho-Slovaks in Siberia, numbering from 80,000 to 100,000 men, by furnishing them with food, arms, and equipment, and to depend on them to hold the Trans-Siberian Railway. Russian dispatches of an unofficial character state that the Siberian Provisional Government on July 15 submitted to the Allies a request for joint military action. Gen. Horvath, the anti-Bolshevist commander in Siberia, has declined to withdraw his announcement of a dictatorship, as was requested by the Allied Legations in Peking, but seems to be working amicably with the commander of the Czecho-Slovaks.

AN agreement was sanctioned on July 7, according to a Russian wireless message, between representatives of the United States, France, and Great Britain and the Murman Regional Council "for the defence of the Murman region against the powers of the German coalition." The three Entente Powers are to provide the Russian command there with equipment, supplies, transports, and instruction for the Russian armed forces, and will admit Russian volunteers into the Allied forces. The distribution of food is to be carried out by Russian troops, while the importation of manufactured goods and materials for construction work is to be hastened by the Allies, who disclaim that their purpose is conquest, and who declare that their only object is "to guard the integrity of the Murman region for a great united Russia." According to unofficial reports, however, the Russian Government considers the action taken by the Entente in landing troops on the Murman coast as equivalent to a declaration of war, and will take measures accordingly.

DR. KARL HELFFERICH, former German Imperial Vice-Chancellor, has been appointed Ambassador to Russia to replace Count von Mirbach, who was recently assassinated by Russian revolutionists. The Bolshevist Government has placed the responsibility for the murder on the Social Revolutionists of the Left, of whom more than 200 have been shot and many arrested. In consequence of Count von Mirbach's death, the German Government has asked to be permitted to send several battalions of troops to guard the Embassy in Moscow.

ALBANIA continues to be the scene of Allied operations along the Devoli River. Several villages have been captured, and more than 600 prisoners were taken on July 21 and 22. Austrian preparations for an offensive in Albania have been frustrated by the success of the French and Italian troops during the last two weeks, and their munitions depots and stores of war material and food have been destroyed or taken.

STRIKES in Great Britain among munitions workers created a serious situation late in July. The strike began at Birmingham on July 24, and most of the workshops in Coventry were affected during the following days. There was a complexity of grievances, one cause of discontent being the discrepancy in wages between those paid at piece rates and those at time rates, another the Government's "embargo" imposed on certain firms in Coventry that tried to draw skilled labor from other districts by offering higher wages. The strikers demanded the removal of the embargo, but the Government appeared to be standing firm against them. At a conference of the Engineering and Allied Trades at Leeds on July 25 delegates representing 300,000 workmen decided to stop work on July 30, if the embargo on skilled workers was not removed. In the Birmingham district 100,000 munition workers were on strike, in Coventry 80,000. On July 26 Premier Lloyd George announced in behalf of the Government that all men who were wilfully absent from work on or after July 29 would become liable to the provisions of the Military Service Act. At this writing an amicable adjustment seems assured, as the Government has promised an official inquiry immediately.

THE food crisis is past, according to Food Controller Hoover, who gave a reassuring view of the situation at the Mansion House in London on July 23, where a conference of Food Controllers of the Allied Governments is meeting. He declared that we have turned the corner in practical results, and that our meat, fat, and grain supplies are now ample, and that we can build up reserves against the possibility of a bad harvest next year. Mr. Hoover has released the hotels and restaurants of this country from their pledge to use no wheat until the present harvest, the release to be effective August 1. The sugar ration, however, will have to be cut, beginning August 1, to an allowance of two pounds per person per month. The English ration is the same, the French one and one-half pounds, and the Italian about one pound. Disappointing returns from the American beet-sugar and cane crops, as well as from the Porto Rican crops, losses by submarine sinkings, and losses in France and Italy through the German and Austrian invasions have made the sugar situation serious enough to necessitate conservation by every possible means until after January 1, 1919.

ALL of the telegraph and telephone systems in the United States will come under Government control for the period of the war, beginning at midnight on July 31, according to the terms of a proclamation signed by President Wilson on July 23. Postmaster-General Burleson will assume control of these systems, but the marine cable and radio systems will not fall under Government control until further investigation has been made. The proclamation provides that the systems taken over are to receive a rental to be determined by the President, and officers and employees will retain their positions pending readjustments.

THE Justicia, of the White Star Line, one of the largest steamships afloat, was torpedoed and sunk off the northern coast of Ireland on July 20, after a fight of twenty-four hours with submarines. The Justicia, of 32,120 tons gross, formerly the Dutch steamer Staatendam, was taken over by the British Government before completion, and has been chiefly used as a troop transport recently. As she was sunk on her return voyage westward, only eleven lives were lost, but her destruction has emphasized the necessity of improving methods of protection and convoy on the return voyage.

PRESIDENT WILSON on July 26 in a personal statement addressed to the people of the United States denounced mob spirit and mob action, and called upon the American people to preserve the true spirit of democracy at home while fighting for it abroad. The President referred not only to mob action against enemy aliens during the war, but to the lynchings that have "been a blow at the heart of ordered law and humane justice."

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